June 17, 1933

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

How Huey Long Gets Away

By Walter Davenport

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JUNE 17, 1933

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Compare these 2 PAINTS

Then you see why "CHEAP" paint never pays!

Look at a "cheap" paint job and a Dutch Boy job, side by side . . . not the day they were finished, *but after a few years have passed!* Your two eyes tell you that the "cheap" paint has cheated its owner out of the saving it promised. You realize then that such paint cracks and scales away — runs up a heavy bill for burning and scraping. And for new priming, too, at repaint time.

Note the big difference shown in the two photographs, above right. Here, one home-owner thought he saved $32 on his "cheap" paint job. The other paid out more at the start for Dutch Boy. But now he's actually money ahead because his paint job is still good while the "cheap" paint must be burned and scraped which will cost the owner $40 before it can be repainted. In addition he will have the expense of a new priming coat.

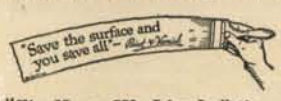
Dutch Boy White-Lead paint doesn't crack and scale. It resists the weather and wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking that leaves a perfect surface for repainting . . . so there's no need of costly burning and scraping, and no need of a new priming coat, either.

To get the kind of paint that combines long-time protection with low cost, call in a good painter . . . one who uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He will mix the paint to suit the requirements of your house, and tint it to the exact color you want.

The book shown below will help you to avoid costly errors. It's worth sending for and reading *before* you paint again.

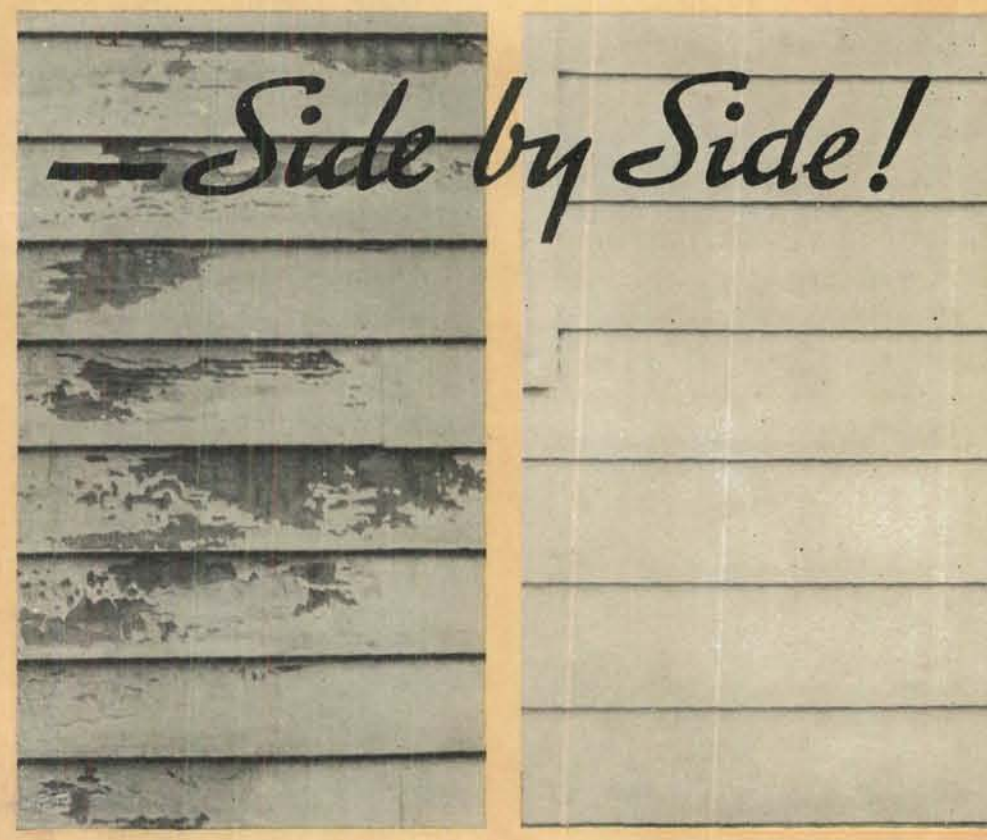
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Company of Pennsylvania, 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



This book, "The House We Live In," gives you information that helps you protect yourself against painting mistakes. Send for it today. Address Dept. 11, care of nearest branch.

— Side by Side!



"CHEAP" PAINT
. . . after 3 years

The owner paid $93 for this job when it was done. Today the paint's "all through." It will cost about $40 more for burning and scraping before it can be repainted, making a total of $133 . . . not to mention the cost of a new priming coat.

DUTCH BOY
. . . after 3 years

A month older than the paint at the left. Same Minnesota city. Same kind of building. Cost $125. Paint still in good condition. At repainting time there will be no expense for burning and scraping, and no new priming coat to pay for.

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10 *USE*

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

...AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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"I Pick Men who Know How to Save Money"

"In erecting a skyscraper the first requisite is a sound Plan.

"In building the financial structure of one's life the first requisite is a sound Plan.

"Most people fail because they never sat down and made Plans from which to build successes.

"Investors Syndicate's Plans are the soundest I have ever found for accumulating money over a period of years.

"Entirely aside from all other business undertakings, I am using an Investors Syndicate Plan to build my life's estate. I am building, piece by piece, on a definite schedule, just like I build skyscrapers.

"There is another thing I want to tell you young business men and women of America," says William H. Lotts, President of the Overland Construction Company of Chicago, "you who have had your pay cut and are living on wages which 'aren't enough'.

"If you wait until you can afford it, the chances are you will always be waiting. Some families lay aside money on $100 a month; some families 'can't save a cent' on $10,000 a month.

"The people we like to hire are those who know how to save their money. They make better men."

William H. Lotts, President of the Overland Construction Company, which erected the Skyway and Observation Towers at the Chicago World's Fair, is an Investors Syndicate Certificate holder. Other internationally famous structures erected by his company include: The Chicago Tribune Tower, Medinah Athletic Club, Chicago Board of Trade Building, the Willoughby Tower.

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Founded 1894

Offices in 51 Principal Cities . . . Representatives Throughout United States and Canada

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Investors Syndicate offers Thrift Plans whereby an individual, or company, can adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years.

More than 240,000 individuals and businesses now use Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans. The most common purposes for which Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans are used are: Education of Children; Independence at 50, 55, or 60; Means and Leisure for Travel; Business Expansion or Reserve; Acquiring a Home.

The resources of Investors Syndicate now exceed $50,000,000. During the last three years Investors Syndicate has paid out more than $10,000,000 in maturities. For 39 years, in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record of prompt payment of its maturities, loans, cash surrenders, and all obligations.

Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will be pleased to send complete information to any person interested in a plan embodying the advantages of continuous and self-selected obligatory thrift.

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C36, Minneapolis, Minn. or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

JIM PRENTISS started out in search of adventure—with a hundred dollars in bills in his pocket and a lot of loose enthusiasm. He took a transcontinental bus, expecting to find adventure at the end of the run; he didn't have to wait.

By the time the bus had lurched into the last lap, Jim knew that he was going to be picked up in Oakland on a charge of vagrancy. Moreover, he had fallen in love with "The Girl in Number Eight." The situation was a little embarrassing.

But the real problem arose from the presence of two sinister individuals, bent on kidnapping the girl. All in all, Adventure had Jim in her grasp. It took quick action and quicker thought to get out. In a dramatic short story Stanley Paul tells you how it was done.

"NEVER get into conversation with strangers!" That may sound like a warning against card sharps and confidence men, but it's not. It's simply the regular advice given to strangers in present-day Germany. Adolf Hitler's triumphantly militaristic "Third Reich" has set the people's nerves on edge. Behind the blare of brass bands, the thudding of booted feet and the reëchoing roar of salutes, clouds of uncertainty and discontent are massing everywhere across the German sky. The air is full of sparks, and plenty of combustible material is ready at hand. Next week T. R. Ybarra takes you to Berlin and shows you what an attack of "The Hitler Jitters" is really like.

"I'M AS soft-hearted as a chicken just out of its egg," Johnny Doyle used to say. "If anyone shoves an old lady in the subway I paste him." Soft-hearted. But not to girls. He had their number. He knew their gags. Girls, he was fond of saying, were the bunk! The conquest of this determined young man is the subject of Elaine Sterne Carrington's delightful short story, "What Could a Fellow Do?"

LAURIE YORK ERSKINE takes you to the Frontier North to assist the Mounted Police in solving a very baffling mystery. You won't have to overexert yourself, however, because Constable Barradine is there. And Constable Barradine can figure out exactly what has happened—even "After the Rains."

BILL CUNNINGHAM takes horse racing apart for your edification and shows you just how it works and why. Colette writes the Short Short Story. Marie Beynon Ray, Freling Foster, Arthur Somers Roche, Sax Rohmer and others contribute brightness and speed. The result is dazzling.

This Week

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June 17, 1933

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Captain Belson's Mate. **The story of a violent romance which begins with a collision and ends in a hurricane. Page 7**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Himself in Person, **by Grover Jones. Page 9**

WALTER DAVENPORT
How Huey Long Gets Away With It. **The Kingfish in his native waters—troubled and exceedingly murky. Page 10**

RUTH BURR SANBORN
There's No Coincidence. **A budget expert encounters a girl with red hair. Page 12**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part VII. **Nayland Smith penetrates the fortress. Page 14**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Flashes from everywhere. Page 16**

GEORGE CREEL
The Kitchen Cabinet. **Privy counselors of the President. Page 17**

BETTY THORNLEY STUART
The Cook's Day In. **Delicacies of the range—or How Husbands are Held. Page 18**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part XI. **Events rushing to a climax; they'll take you with them. Page 19**

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR
Anything Might Happen. **Cars that pass in the morning are, naturally, quite unlike ships that pass in the night. Page 20**

DON MARQUIS
Up We Go! **The crest of the wave, with Mr. Marquis, as usual, riding it. Page 22**

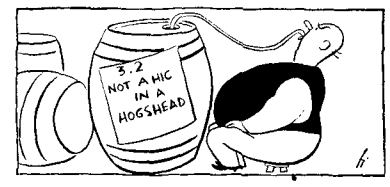
RUPERT HUGHES
Henrietta the Eighth. **Young love at its most desperate. Page 24**

EDITORIAL
Salaries for Service. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, we are informed by Mr. L. E. Singer, there is a great deal of bitterness "because this non-intoxicating beer is non-intoxicating." Mr. Singer cites the rebellious ire of a gentleman who drank eighteen bottles of it and "couldn't work up a decent jag." Said gentleman has abandoned the Democratic party and is now reading up on Communism.



FORTUNATELY, Mr. Jack Thamm of Reading, Pennsylvania, doesn't ask us what we'd do about this. Anyway, we wouldn't know. It is about a friend of his, an electrician, who did a job of work for a bank. The electrician lives in a house owned by the bank. When the following rent day arrived, he offered the bank its own check, given him for the work he had done, and the bank promptly rejected it.

WITHOUT leaping at conclusions, we'd say that there may have been something wrong with that bank. But Mr. Sol Lencker of Chicago ruins us with his report of a bank to which he had delivered a hundred and twelve dollars' worth of lumber for which the bank paid with a check drawn upon itself. When Mr. Lencker tried to deposit that check in his own bank it was refused. Seeking an explanation, the bank that had his lumber explained that it was "temporarily suspending payments." But when Mr. Lencker sought to get his lumber back he was informed that the bank had paid for it and had no intention of returning it. At that point Mr. Lencker called up his lawyer, who charged him fifty dollars for telling him that he couldn't deduct the amount of the transaction from his income tax, because "all profits from one's business were assessable."

HAD it not been for this letter from Dr. Carl F. Kauffeld of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, we mightn't have known that the name of the ptychozoon homalocephalum was incorrectly spelled in James Francis Dwyer's story, "Far from Java." Dr. Kauffeld also informs us that the Chlamydosaurus kingi (frilled lizard to some people) is not of the family Pygopodidæ at all, but, as we should have known, of the family Agamidæ. Absurd errors like this will infrequently creep into our pages in spite of us and we take this occasion to thank Dr. Kauffeld.

"AND now," cries Mr. George M. Pilcher of Fortuna Ledge, Alaska, "they are going to pay a bounty to the farmer so that the industrial worker will have to demand a higher wage, so that the manufacturer will have to get a higher price, in order that the farmer can get more for his produce, so that he can pay the manufacturer more for his wares.

"Still, they say there still are people who laugh at a puppy chasing its tail."

FROM Mrs. G. Dunn of "Humbug Creek, via Yreka, California," we learn that "the cheapest of all the cheap skates the gold rush has brought to Humbug Creek is the dude looking for a mine to buy. He condescendingly accepts bed and board until given the bum's rush. He would never dream of chopping wood or packing water and the way he uses butter you'd think he was accustomed to having it at home."

AND Mrs. Mary G. Handy of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, wants the world to know that the rulers of that state "do not high-hat the voters or ignore them as they do in some other places." She admits that the cost of government in the state of Pennsylvania has not been cut down much, if any, "but they have raised our tax rates and added a few new taxes, which shows that our legislators are in there thinking about us all the time."

"IT IS all very well for Hitler to burn all the books he doesn't understand," says Mr. Lew Conzelman of Los Angeles, California, "but who is going to make the public in Germany read the stuff that's left?"

AND Mr. J. O. Prenosel of Providence, Rhode Island, has discovered that the reason we have "political gangs instead of the true democracy that the popular-government advocates urge us to try is because the people no sooner get a chance to rule themselves than they find out they can't. So they elect some professional politician so they can sit back and enjoy the inconveniences, discomforts and expense of being misruled. It is the martyr complex," says Mr. Prenosel. "If that is taken away the vast majority of the electorate would have nothing left."

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WHEN 18 HOURS SEEM LIKE 48 . . .

THEY hadn't seen each other in ten years, when they met one day on the train to Chicago. They were delighted, both of them.

"Good old George!"

"Hopkins, my boy!"

But the longer they talked, the more uncomfortable Hopkins became. Hour after hour dragged by. He thought they would *never* get there. He couldn't shake an old friend like George, of course. He had to sit and endure his company, repellent as it was. By the end of the trip, he hoped he'd never see the man again!

Only 18 hours to Chicago, but it seemed like a lifetime. Hopkins will never forget it as long as he lives. . . .

In social relationships . . . and especially in business . . . no man can afford to give offense

A LONG stretch of halitosis (unpleasant breath) will turn distaste into actual *loathing*.

Everyone knows this. For everyone, at one time or another, has had to put up with some guilty companion longer than it was easy to bear.

If only you could tell a man when his breath is unpleasant! But you can't—not even an old friend. All you can do is dislike him violently, if unreasonably—avoid him forever after—and resolve never to give people the same excuse for shunning you!

While there's Listerine, there's no reason why you *should* offend in this way.

LISTERINE

It's true you can't tell when tiny particles of food, clinging to your teeth and fermenting, may make your breath unpleasant. That happens to everybody. Ninety per cent of all cases of unpleasant breath arise in this way. But you *can* gargle and rinse your mouth with Listerine every morning, every evening, and between times—whenever you are going to meet others.

The effect of ordinary mouth washes is *not the same*. In repeated tests under medical supervision, they have failed, *after 12 hours*, to hide odors which Listerine overcomes as soon as it enters the mouth!

Don't wait to be told that your breath is impure. For who is there to tell you? That is the insidious thing about halitosis. There is no way to know, for yourself . . . But there *is* Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. It is sold everywhere—in drug stores, in department stores, and now even on de luxe railway trains.

Begin today to use Listerine regularly—and you will *never* be guilty of the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

How's your breath today?

OVERCOMES MOUTH ODORS THAT ORDINARY MOUTH WASHES CANNOT HIDE IN 12 HOURS

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Brand New..each a PHILCO ..each *supreme* in its field

THEY vary in price — they vary in size —but they are all one in quality. For all are PHILCOS—all true representatives of the name that ranks highest in radio.

Whatever you seek in radio—PHILCO will supply. If you desire the truest reproduction of programs from far and near — PHILCO suggests those great musical instruments—the X Models with the Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

If you prefer a radio of smaller size—possibly an exquisite lowboy—you will find a PHILCO to meet your requirements. *If you prefer a still smaller set—the Baby* Grand models give you tremendous power and distance range. Even the PHILCO Compact is a radio of true PHILCO quality—if you want a set to carry on your travels or as an extra radio at home.

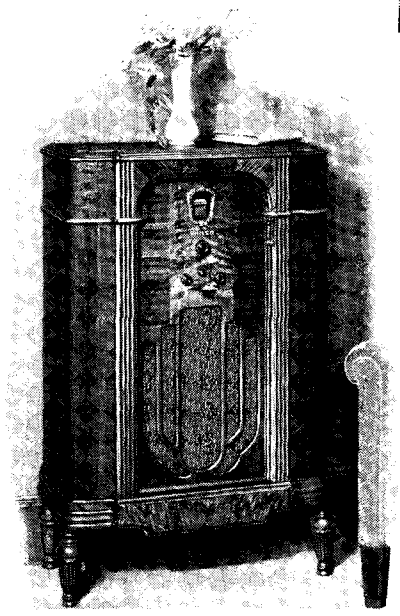
From a tiny set you can tuck into your suitcase to a powerful radio that will flood an auditorium with melody—at every step there is a PHILCO definitely designed to serve a particular purpose—and supreme in its particular field. All await your inspection and selection at the nearest PHILCO dealer.

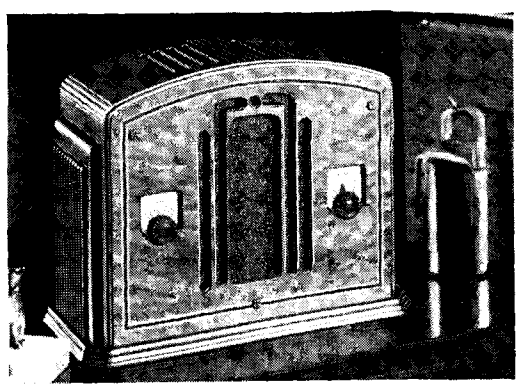
A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO 14L—$85 ▶

A PHILCO of exceptional ability in a new and amazingly different Lowboy with concealed PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board —thus giving it many of the advantages of the PHILCO "X" models. A Balanced Superheterodyne with Shadow Tuning, Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Auditorium Speaker of improved design — that will not only bring you all the broadcasting range but will also bring you all police calls and many amateur and airplane short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. (As illustrated) $85.

The same 14 Superheterodyne chassis is also available in the 14X (similar in appearance to 16X) at $100, and the 14 Lazy X with electrical remote control at $150.





◀PHILCO 54C—$25

The first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker of exceptional tone quality. Operates on A.C. or D.C. Tunes all stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial — no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for A.C.) $15.

PHILCO 16X—$150

If you would enjoy the truest and most perfect reproduction of American, Canadian, Cuban and Mexican broadcasting stations—and then be free to adventure in the fascinating realm of the short waves—perhaps experience the thrill of picking up Rome, London, Paris or Buenos Aires—PHILCO 16X is your radio.

Short-wave tuning is made easy by the exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch and Dual Ratio Tuning — giving 60 to 1 ratio for fine tuning on short waves—8 to 1 ratio on regular broadcast band. Range from 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) to 520 kilocycles (13 to 575 meters).

A new achievement in tonal range! PHILCO Balanced Power "Class A" Audio System eliminates distortion in the whole broadcast range from pianissimo to crescendo!

PHILCO 16X also includes every other worthwhile improvement in radio, such as Bass Compensating Tone Control, Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Interstation Noise Suppression, Shadow Tuning, etc.

And the Patented Inclined Sounding Board brings in high and low notes in proper balance. (As illustrated) $150. The powerful and versatile 16 chassis also in a beautiful Lowboy cabinet—the 16L at $125—and in a cabinet of the Baby Grand type—the 16B at $75.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

$15 to $250

FEDERAL TAX PAID
Prices Slightly Higher
Denver and West

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

The girl appraised Belson minutely. "You'll last," she said coldly, "about six months. We don't care for strangers in Sears Harbor"

Captain Belson's Mate

The story of a girl and a fighting skipper who were built on similar lines: How they fought a strange duel to a finish in the thunder of a wild storm at sea

By Albert Richard Wetjen

A STEAM yacht with a white-enameled hull and polished brass rails means money, but Captain Belson was not thinking of that. He was leaning out from his bridge wing and swearing.

"If you want to be a sailor why don't you take that thing to sea?" he roared. "This isn't Long Island Sound. This harbor's for work!"

"Why don't you learn how to handle a ship then?" demanded the figure on the yacht's bridge.

"Why don't I . . . ?"

Captain Belson went purple and picked up a megaphone. There was a mist on the morning waters of Sears Harbor and out of it had come the yacht, ripping off twelve knots. Belson's own vessel, the Cardigan, had been shifting wharves and was barely under way, and the yacht had grazed under her stern, taking a neat strip of paint from the hulls of both ships. Captain Belson owned the Cardigan but he would have been mad even if he hadn't.

"What's wrong with your siren?" he choked. "Don't you keep a lookout? Haven't you ever heard you're supposed to go slow in a fog?" There was a lot more, and the yacht (she had stopped after the grazing) began to get under way again. All Belson could see in the mist was a shirt-sleeved arm and a white-topped uniform cap, very cool-looking, and it made him boil.

"Do you think you own the whole damned harbor?" he roared. His language grew worse and was suddenly choked off as his mate put a calloused hand over his mouth.

"Hold on, sir," said the mate. "You can't say that!"

"I can't say *what?*" choked Captain Belson when he could speak again. He stared down from his six feet two of height, all but stunned with astonishment. "I can't say *what?* You're telling me on my own ship I can't . . ."

"That's a lady, sir," said the mate. "Madelon Sears. And she does own the harbor, or pretty close to it."

Captain Belson breathed hard. This was his first time into Sears Harbor, a small but thriving port in which he hoped to work up a profitable business.

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He had been warned it was hopeless. The Sears family owned most of the wharves, most of the mills, the stores and the ships that served the port. But Belson had decided to trade into Sears Harbor and argument was useless. He was a fighter. He was also getting heartily sick of hearing about the Sears family and what they would probably do to him. He glared at his mate and momentarily suppressed his wrath.

"So that's Madelon Sears, is it? Spends her time running ships down. Does she skipper that fancy tin can herself?"

"I think she does," said the mate. "Runs everything herself. Left an orphan years ago and raised by a trust fund. Been of age three years and her own boss. Figures a woman can handle the business as well as any man. Independent. Too much money. You know, sir. Quite a looker, too."

"I don't give a damn if she's Venus herself!" exploded Captain Belson. "No one can bust the regulations like that and get away with it. I'm going to report her, and she'll pay for my paint!"

HE HAD discovered that Sears Harbor boasted a harbor master and he stormed into his office half an hour after the Cardigan was tied to the wharf again.

"I'm filing a complaint," he said with emphasis. "And I want damages to the extent of thirty gallons of paint and the crew's time for slapping it on."

The harbor master woke out of a doze and blinked at him from behind steel-rimmed spectacles. He was a little, bald-headed man, and his job was little more than a pensioning off. He had worked for the Sears since his youth.

"Damages? Complaint?" he said uncertainly. "Against whom?"

"I don't know the name of the damned ship but she's a whacking big yacht," said Belson heatedly. "I understand the Searses own her. She near run me down just now. Going a cool twelve knots in this fog. No siren. No lookout apparently. Another foot and she'd have crumpled herself up and probably sunk me too."

The harbor master shook his head.

"Well, now, Captain. You say only a little paint was scratched off. Why not let it go at that? I'm sure Miss Sears will apologize."

"Apologize?" Captain Belson's neck began to swell and he brought an iron fist down on the desk so that the legs wobbled and groaned. "Apologize? You sit there and tell me that's all I get for being scared out of a year's growth and being damned near rammed?"

"There, there," said the harbor master, a little scared. "I know how you feel, Captain, but Miss Sears is a mite thoughtless at times. She's been used to racing about the harbor . . . and I must say as a rule she's careful. She probably didn't think any ship would be moving so early. Take my advice and let the matter drop."

Captain Belson drew in a long, hard breath and leaned over the desk.

"You listen to me," he said with ominous calm: "I'm sick of hearing about the Searses, see? I'm sick of being told this is virtually a closed port. Well, I'm going to bust in. I've got a contract with the only mill Sears doesn't own or hasn't scared to death and before I'm through I'll cut freights so low they'll all be with me. I'm here to stay and I'm not being booted out by a fool girl who ought to be put over someone's knee and spanked. Get it? I've made my complaint now and you're seeing it through. And I want thirty gallons of paint and the crew's time to slap it on. I'll get it if I have to spend a thousand dollars!"

He did get it too, and it cost him nearly a thousand dollars in lawyers' fees to fight in two courts. But he got it, and the first trip he was in Sears Harbor after the matter was settled he anchored his Cardigan opposite the Sears yacht and made the day hideous with chipping hammers on steel plates and redolent with the reek of new paint. He was fined for improper anchorage but he cheerfully paid. He had seen a slender figure in white pants and a yachting cap stamping furiously away up the hill behind the yacht's wharf where the old Sears mansion stood. So he felt satisfied.

CAPTAIN BELSON had been trading into Sears Harbor for over six months before he actually came face to face with Madelon Sears. He was walking along the waterfront with his mate one day, talking of one thing and another, when the mate touched his arm.

"Here she comes," he said significantly. Belson jerked his peaked cap over his eyes and stared.

"Ah," he said and stuck his hands in his pockets to wait. She was dressed as she usually was, a yachting cap over her fair hair, her white ducks a little rumpled and a silk shirt flapping in the wind. Sleeves rolled up and collar open. She looked efficient. She was carrying a roll of blueprints and with her was a young man, scarcely out of his teens and wearing a third mate's uniform. He looked something like her save he seemed less confident and reliant.

"That's Morton, her young brother," explained the mate, aside. "He's at sea learning that end of the business. Third mate on the Annie Sears. Gets a half of everything when he comes of age."

"Looks like he'll need it," said Belson sarcastically. "Not much backbone unless I miss a guess."

The girl stopped after a quick glance.

"This must be the famous Captain Belson," she said ironically. "I hope you enjoyed the fight."

"I had a damned good time," said Belson. "And I got good paint. You'd have saved money settling right away."

She smiled a little. "I never settle," she paused, "with men like you."

Belson nodded with a touch of grimness. She was pretty, all right: violet

(Continued on page 44)

"They'd touched off the oil and we had to fight, all hands"

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Himself, in Person

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Grover Jones

Illustrated by Henry Luhrs

I'M sitting in the property-room of the Acme Film Company, talking over old times with Skunk Abel, when Buff Keisel's name comes up. Buff was the best property man Hollywood ever saw. Wire stuff. Breakaways. Trick props—nothin' was too hard for that boy. But dummies was his specialty; he made them look so real they could almost jump out of the set like the other hams do when the assistant director yells "Lunchy!" I hadn't seen him for five or six months, so I was interested in hearing about him.

"Too bad about that pump of his," I said. "Seems to me the Local ought to take up a collection and—"

Skunk laughed.

"I take it you ain't heard about Buff. That monkey rides in limousines now, and his heart don't miss a beat. Got ten G's in the bank and lives in Beverly Hills. . . . You know who gave it to him? Georgie Wilton, the actor."

"No actor never gave nothing to nobody," I said, punching it up with a good old prop razz.

"This actor did," replied Skunk. "You never worked with Georgie. They don't make 'em any better. But good or bad, Buff earned the geetus, and I'll tell you why.

"BUFF was running the prop shop for Sim Steiner's Quality outfit when Georgie blew in as a bit man. Fairish sort of an actor. Good-looking in coffin outfits but he handled a rubber gun like if it was a rubber gun. You know the breed; Hollywood's full of 'em. Steiner picked him out of a mob and seasoned him in a flock of Westerns the first summer. Then he collared and cuffed him in a series of bedroom wrestling matches with Paisa Pearle, she of the heaving bosom. And is she terrible! But, anyhow, that series put Georgie across. Steiner called him in the office one day and laid it on the line.

"'You're a good gamble,' he said, sticking a pen in his mitt and making motions at a contract. Georgie just grinned and scratched himself into a five-year job.

"Then Steiner told him that they had to lay out a publicity campaign and the first story had to have something in it besides plot. Georgie shook his head dubiously.

"'You picked the wrong ham, Sim,' he laughed. 'One year of Westerns and six months of Wamps. I can see the crowds going ca-razy about me after all that.'

"'Yeh—well, that's just what they're going to do.' Steiner pulled out a bulky script and spread it on the desk in front of him. 'A guy from your home town wrote this; it's the story of your—'

"GEORGIE made a sudden grab for the script and turned about as white as a whitewashed set photographed in the sun. According to Buff, Georgie and his brother had a falling-out back in their home-town school days, all on account of a frill. She was just so-so about both of them but the idea of having the school's two leading athletes kick up crazy house about her sort of pleased her fancy. So she boosted the thing along. Sweet soul. It boiled itself down to a high-point contest on the track.

"Georgie's brother won. The school gave a shindig in his honor and the dame presented him with a watch chain. It was a funny little watch chain, with two odd-shaped jade elephants for a charm. Both Georgie and his brother had sniffed a little too much bay rum, so on their way home that night they started swinging punches. Georgie went home alone. The kid brother disappeared! Weeks went by and the local grease began to pour over Georgie. He was half nuts trying to prove he didn't bump off his brother. Then he started out to look for him. He was two years doing it and finally gave up out here on the Coast. That's how he fell into pictures. . . . So you can imagine he raised a pretty big rumpus in Steiner's office when he found out what he was booked for.

"'I'll welsh the contract!' he yelled, pounding the desk with his fist. 'My family history doesn't go in your old pictures!'

"'Keep your shirt on,' said Steiner, 'and wait till I'm through. . . . Georgie, it's going to be the best thing that ever happened to you; no kidding. Pictures are powerful, son, do you realize that? You know that millions of people see 'em every day. And here we've got something that—'

"'Sure, I know what you got,' broke in Georgie, 'and I know what you can call it, too: The Crucifixion. That ought to be a good name.'

"Steiner put an arm around him.

"'Georgie, if you'll let me make this, and put that tag on it—the one I told you—you find your brother at the desert water hole and vindicate yourself by taking his body back to—'

"'And then I marry the girl,' said Georgie, reaching for his hat. 'I still think it's terrible.' He got as far as the door when Steiner managed to stop him. The old boy was thinking fast; he couldn't afford to lose Georgie now.

"'You see, son, my point is this: if millions see the picture, why shouldn't one of them be your brother?'

"Georgie came back to the desk and sat down.

"BUFF handled that prop job. The day they went to Mojave Desert he was on the location two hours ahead of the company. And when he got there, he made the disgusting discovery that his assistant had forgotten the hand props and the dummy. The watch chain was an important prop in the story and it had taken him two days to make it. The dummy was made up from a photograph of the brother. It was to be used at the dry water hole and in the walking shots. He couldn't go back; it would mean a day wasted. So he did the next best thing; he hot-footed it to the sleepy little town of Victorville and put it on a pin wheel. You know Buff: when he goes into action he finds things that people thought they never had.

"When the company arrived at the water hole, he was sitting on a sand hill smoking a cigar—and the set was dressed. A dummy was lying at the hole's edge and a jade elephant watch chain was stretched across its vest. Georgie walked over and looked down at it.

"'Buff,' he said, 'I'll have to hand it to you. That looks exactly like my brother.'

"'And what do you think of the watch chain?' asked Buff, wiggling the cigar in his mouth.

"Georgie picked it up. At first a cursory examination and then his hand suddenly shook as he stared wide-eyed at two initials scratched on the back of one of the elephants.

"'Buff! Where did you get this? This is—'

"'The real thing,' said Buff, grinning. '*He* told me it was,' he added, pointing to the dummy.

"*And then the dummy moved.*"

He stared wide-eyed at two initials scratched on one of the elephants

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How Huey Long gets away with it

By Walter Davenport

Investigate him! Impeach him! Expel him from the Senate! These are the cries that break in a crashing surf about the ears of the Gentleman from Louisiana. They come from the enraged and harassed people of his own state and—you would say—bode a politician no good. But Huey, surrounded by bodyguards, is unperturbed. He has a stronger hold upon his folks back home than their love. Collier's sent Walter Davenport to Louisiana to find out how Huey had slipped the state into his pocket. Here is the sensational story

TAKE the word of the St. Tammany bull, two hundred and twenty pounds of traffic cop, Huey's car comes down Canal Street like a gulf squall. Wham! and she had passed the bull, threading the stalled traffic like a squalling bobcat with dogs at its haunches. Even the cops at the crossings had to be nimble or get run down. The bull had just time to spin about like a gyroscope, halting traffic in all directions, and leap to the curb with his barn-door hand at his cap. Red lights, green lights, white lights—the hell with all that: Huey's in from Washington.

The car takes the right turn into University Place, its rear end slewing to the gutters. Then, with a squeal, a jounce and a snort that fetches it all standing like a bucking horse, the caterwauling thing comes to a stop. Warrump! Like that. The Hotel Roosevelt.

Out of the car, like a dock-walloping, blue-jawed jack-in-the-box, blurts a massive chap who looks as though he was going to be horribly disappointed if nobody tries to stop him. He takes his stand at one side of the door. From the steps of the hotel, where a dozen men stand frozen with the wide eyes and loose jaws of people expecting almost anything, a curiously narrow man with a bloodhound face and a nubbin of cigarette burning the middle of his lips, the smoke curling into the nostrils of his beak of a nose, joins the heavyweight and stands at the other side of the door. From somewhere two quietly violent lads, in shiny blue serge, appear, taking up posts in the middle of the pavement. One waves a quartet of giggling girls back. Just a minute, you dolls, just a minute.

And then out of the car steps Huey—the Honorable Huey P. Long, general manager and business agent of the state of Louisiana, United States senator, protector of the poor, Hotcha Huey (Tell 'em nothing and make 'em like it), Get-'em-while-they're-hot Huey, Let's Go Long, the hardest-working demagogue in America.

Hi-yah! Take It or Leave It

To see him for the first time is something of a shock. You would expect a picture of power, the intensity of a zealot, the burning eye of fanaticism, the uncompromising jaw of the crushing autocrat, the lean asceticism of a prophet, the austerity of a despot. But nothing like this. He's pudgy. His cheeks are blotched, flabby. His uncertain nose is red, betokening either bad circulation or entirely too much. His face is weak, willful and there is no discipline in it. But his eyes, soft, protruding robin's eggs, are nevertheless bold. Hit-and-run eyes that roll upward as he talks. And his reddish hair crackles with vigor. Out at the Club Forest in Jefferson Parish, where the vote depends upon how much Huey needs, Rudy O'Dwyer's musclemen or torpedoes tell you he's a "Take-a-chance guy who beats you to the punch by not being there when you deliver it."

Hi-yah. Huey strides across the pavement, the four guards enclosing him in their square. Hi-yah. He leaps up the steps, waving a pudgy hand to the boys. Hi-yah. Hi-yah. Through the lobby shooting that hand hither and yon in recognition and salutation. His voice is flat and aggressive and carries deference to no one. He is met and fawned on by Mr. Seymour Weiss, manager of the hotel, master of moneys for the Long political war chest, sepulcher of many secrets that the United States government has been trying with only indifferent success to disinter for more than a year, chairman of the New Orleans Dock Board, director of the ill-fated Union Indemnity Company, which bonded all Louisiana's state contractors. Mr. Weiss is suave, insinuating, blond, scrubbed pink, softly sure of himself, easily deferential. Hi-yah to him in a loud voice. And he joins the procession toward the elevators, smiling mysteriously.

There's no handshaking. Not that Huey's above handshaking but sometimes, particularly these days when hatreds have boiled to the surface and one's enemies are putting everything they have into one round-house wallop, Huey is taking no chances. It's a Hi-yah and you can take it or leave it. If you want to shake hands with the Kingfish of Louisiana (they're calling him Crawfish since he failed to make good his boast that he would waive senatorial immunity for that libel suit General Sam Ansell of Washington filed against him) you knock on the door of his suite in the hotel and prove that you should get past the strong-arm guys who open to you. Try it, fellah, try it.

Among the first things they tell you about Huey in Louisiana is that he lacks physical courage, that he sleeps behind a machine gun and that his slumbers are guarded by such stanch lads as Joe Messina, Wheaton Stillson, Two-Gun Thompson and Squinch or Squinch-Eye McGee. There's a boy for you—Squinch. Listen, mister, don't lay no hand on the senator; just don't lay no hand on no senator, pal, and you and me will be okay.

No More Nonsense Nowadays

But perhaps these stories may be discounted as the wails of the growing number of Louisianians who would like, to hear them tell it, to punch the Kingfish's chin, or have made valiant efforts in that direction only to be confronted by a bodyguard as they hauled off. It is not easy to believe that he is as fearful of physical attack as they say; maybe they mistake prudence or convenience for absence of valor. After all, a state's boss and United States senator can't very well cruise around trading wallops with every Tom, Dick and Harry who thirsts for his blood. For one thing, it wastes a lot of valuable time, and black eyes and missing teeth add nothing to a statesman's appearance.

So in no time Huey is through the hotel lobby and, with a final, all-inclusive hi-yah, he is in the elevator. None except Huey's personal suite enters that car and it makes no stops on its flight to his rooms on the eleventh floor. The guards see to that. No more of such nonsense as that which followed the running battle between Huey and the venerable ex-Governor Sanders some time ago. The old boy leaped into the elevator after the young senator and nobody is quite sure what would have happened had not a radio announcer, who was also a boxing commissioner, jammed himself between them just as Huey tore a cuff from the ancient Mr. Sanders' shirt and Mr. Sanders was digging his fingers deeply into the Long neck. A nasty mess, as you readily can appreciate, and certainly no position for a United States senator to be in.

In his suite at last, Huey makes ready for the affairs of state. It's quite warm, so he sheds his coat and vest, his necktie and shirt, hurling them from him. They are picked up by retainers who either

Acme

Former Governor John M. Parker. He killed the Ku Klux Klan in Louisiana, and he's after Huey now

Mr. Joseph Boudreaux was lucky enough to be slugged at the bottom of the capitol steps

This is Senator Long's house in New Orleans. The former owner shines shoes for a living

Mr. Joe Messina, right, and Mr. Wheaton Stillson threatening to tell the truth, while General Ansell looks dubious

C. Bennette Moore

Francis Williams thinks he might have been mayor of New Orleans if Huey's men hadn't done the counting

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stand there holding them or hang them in the closet. And while Huey is making himself comfortable on the bed, pillows at his back and his hands hooked behind his head, let's look over the assemblage. We'll have time because Huey is delivering himself of a few snappy commands and a brisk summary of the situation in general. Too bad we can't quote him; but, except when delivering himself for the papers, Huey isn't very quotable. To try it on paper is to lose all the salty flavor of the man's tongue. Fancy having Huey saying, "You blasted old son of a gun" or "You gosh-hanged old bluffer, what in heck are you talking about?" Too bad, but we just can't get away with it here. You probably would enjoy it.

So we'll look around while Huey unburdens his mind. There's Bob Maestri. A capable citizen, Mr. Maestri, of French and Italian blood, forty-three years old, Commissioner of Conservation for the state of Louisiana at five thousand dollars a year. Make no mistake about Mr. Maestri; he serves the Huey Long machine, not Huey. As a collector of campaign funds, you would go far to find his equal. He deals in cash, not checks. To him Senator Long is the head of the political organization he serves, that's all. He has no illusions and, as far as you can observe, no prejudices. Particularly about Huey. (Listen, my friend, you complain because promises have not been kept by this man. But listen. With this man's promises warm upon my ear, I could stand yonder on the roof of La Maison Blanche and my beard which I do not have now would reach the pavement before these promises would be kept. Therefore, my friend, it is well to look after one's own interests oneself.) That's Bob Maestri, who stands there eying the recumbent Kingfish with a sidewise, cynical smile.

The Kingfish and His Court

And yonder, alert, bobbing, shrugging, is Mr. Maestri's team-mate, but younger, the president of the New Orleans Levee Board, the mercurial Abie Shushan, whose mobile face mocks Huey as Huey bids him do this and do that. Mr. Shushan is infinitely more valuable to the Long machine than you might suspect on hearing Huey abusing the poor fellow. Is ten thousand dollars needed this moment for instant use? Mr. Shushan vanishes, makes a few magical passes and, genie-like, reappears with fifteen thousand. Did the senator demand a cigar? In a trice Mr. Shushan flips open a fresh box of dollar specials with the swift nonchalance of a magician. Senator Long is no dullard; but whereas he thinks louder, Mr. Shushan thinks faster.

These two—Messrs. Maestri and Shushan—seem to be closest to the throne. Perhaps the Honorable T. Semmes Walmsley, mayor of New Orleans, should be included with them, but opinion differs about that. Mr. Walmsley seems scarcely to be eligible for such accomplished company. Mr. Walmsley is of the ordinary run of American mayors and does the Long bidding with gratifying promptitude. With him is State Senator Harvey Peltier, Huey's hard-working leader in the upper house of a completely subjugated legislature, and Dr. Joseph A. O'Hara, who is not only president of the State Board of Health but president of the Louisiana Democratic Association, Huey's own device with which he battered down the defenses of the city of New Orleans and made it his.

Than Dr. O'Hara, not even the cynical Mr. Maestri nor the agreeable Mr. Shushan are better collectors of funds. Dr. O'Hara's forte is in persuading state employees that they should not only make a joyful noise before their lord, Huey, but shower down with anything from ten to twenty per cent of their incomes when elections are about to be indulged in. Just why state employees should have to contribute anything but their presence toward the winning of a Long candidate or a victory for Huey himself is a defiant mystery. As things are at present in Louisiana it would be almost impossible to lose if you wore the Long colors. But that's enough of Huey's audience. Presently, when he needs him, Huey will telephone Baton Rouge and Governor Oscar K. (Okay) Allen will come galloping in with hat in hand. Hi-yah, Allen, where the hell have you been?

Keystone

Hi-yah! The Gentleman from Louisiana gets ready to tell 'em

A Man of Many Enemies

This is no ordinary gathering. No election impends. If one did, there would be no reason for all this palaver. Elections in Louisiana are delightfully simple and informal. All you need are a few pencils and plenty of paper. All the preparation necessary is to nominate somebody (Huey takes care of that), collect fifty thousand dollars or so from the officeholders, from business men who would rather do that than have their tax assessments and rates raised and from employees of factories, stores and so forth who owe their jobs to the organization's influence upon their employers, and go to it. Nobody knows where the fifty thousand dollars gets to except the gentlemen in charge of the collections. Ask them and they even forget what day the election was held on.

No, this assemblage is far more important than that. Something far more dangerous than an opposition ticket threatens. Out on the street, boys and men are hawking scandalous sheets and pamphlets written by enemies of the senator, the Kingfish. For two bits you can buy Kidnapped by the Kingfish, a withering blast which accuses Huey of everything short of murder. You don't have to believe what is written therein but it is good entertainment.

For the asking you can have a brochure, Unmasking Crawfish Huey P. Long, wherein it is set forth that Huey is a liar, a coward, a blustering braggart, a blackmailer, a plunderer, a racketeer, an election thief—in so many words. Up in the fragrant town of Hammond, Editor Campbell is issuing

(Continued on page 47)

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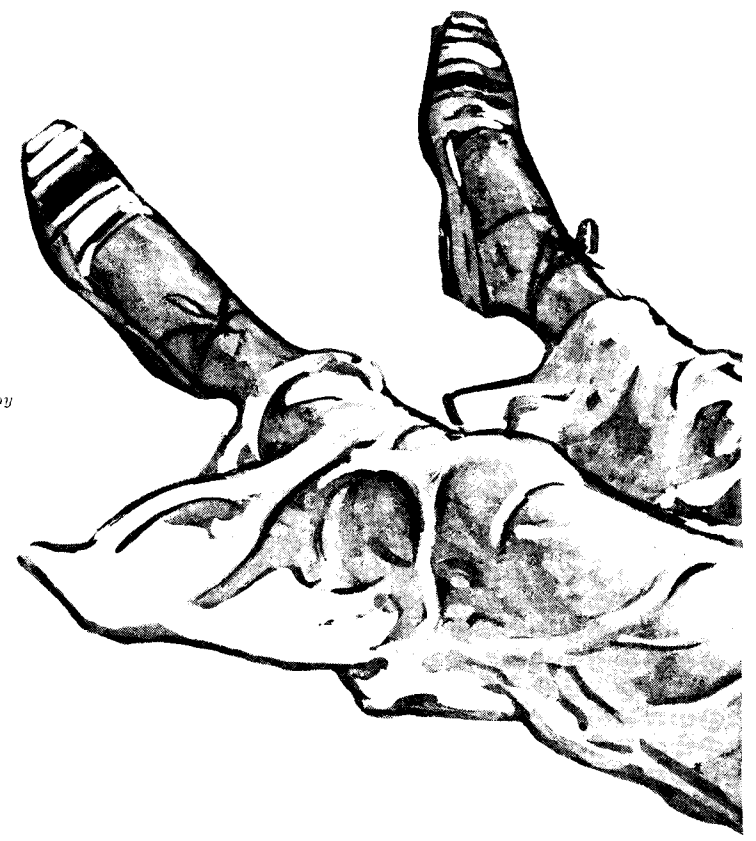
There's no Coincidence

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

The story of a man who never took a chance, and a girl who did



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

JOHN TORRENCE MORTIMER BRIDGE stopped at the bank on his way to lunch. He deposited twenty per cent of his salary in the savings department, twenty per cent in his emergency fund, sixty per cent in his checking account. He lunched in a small, clean restaurant where the food was home-cooked. He ordered two glasses of water, a green salad, bran muffins, a baked pear and a glass of milk. He ate slowly, with conscientious chewing, and his expression was less of joy in food than of satisfaction in duty done.

After lunch John Bridge walked briskly—not hurrying, as haste is a strain on the heart—and breathed deeply as he walked; he paused at the crossings to scrutinize the lights.

John Bridge's office was very clean and austerely bare. He spent a busy, well-ordered afternoon. He was to start on his vacation the next morning, but he was not one to leave a lot of loose ends until the last minute.

On the train John Bridge saw a girl. The girl had red hair. He did not look at her much, because looking at girls was not part of his scheme of life.

John Bridge's father had lost one fortune at Monte Carlo, one in Wall Street, one in Florida, and had drunk up the fourth; he and his wife were killed in an airplane accident running down to Havana for a cocktail. It was not strange that John Bridge had reacted violently in the direction of security, of caution.

John Bridge's work had still further served to keep before him the consequences of folly. At twenty-four he was head of the city poor department. It was a responsible position for so young a man in so large a city. John Bridge administered his office admirably. He became more and more careful. There were no coincidences in his life.

John Bridge could have told you right then how his life was coming out. He was well protected by insurance: life, illness, disability, accident, unemployment, fire, fever, famine, flood, earthquake and hurricane. He maintained an emergency fund: when it reached five thousand dollars without an emergency having arisen, he invested it in safe securities, widely scattered, and started again. His expenditures were budgeted, and he never ran over his estimates. He had no . . . entanglements.

THIRTY-FIVE, John Bridge had decided, was the age at which he could afford to marry. He knew now what the young woman would be like. There would be nothing extravagant about her, either in taste or appearance; a practical person, with smooth brown hair and gray eyes and good health and no nonsense. He leaned his head against the back of the train seat and closed his eyes; when his eyes were open he could not help seeing the girl with red hair because she was right in front of him.

John Bridge always spent his vacation at Seabrink, a small hotel on the Maine coast. His idea of a vacation was not an orgy. It was two weeks of rest and relaxation, fresh air, exercise, plain food, sleep.

He arrived at Seabrink just in time for dinner. He had broiled haddock and fresh berries and whole-wheat bread. The girl with red hair had come to Seabrink too. She had cream of mushroom soup, broiled lobster, cheese biscuits, ice cream with fresh berry sauce, fudge cake and coffee. John Bridge marveled that she could do it without spoiling her complexion. Her complexion, however, was not spoiled.

After dinner there was dancing. John Bridge did not often dance. The girl with red hair was dancing, however. She had a dress not quite green, not quite blue, not perhaps quite all there. It was the color of the sea after the sun has left it, but not nearly so soothing to the senses. John Bridge went out and looked at the sea. He looked at the moon tripping over it in silver slippers. He felt, surprisingly, rather tired. Perhaps the year's work had been more of a strain than he realized.

John Bridge rose as usual at six the next morning, and after breakfast he took a five-mile walk along the shore. He was returning by the cliff path when, looking down, he saw a figure lying below him on the sand. It lay as if flung there: legs and arms spread wide, palms up, head back. Clearly there had been an accident.

"Why can't people be careful!" muttered John Bridge. She was hurt; perhaps dead; perhaps drowned. He went scrambling down the rocks. He went running across the sand.

WHEN John Bridge came up to the still figure, he saw that it was the girl with red hair. The discovery gave him rather a shock; it must always be a shock to find, dead, a person whom one has recently seen living. John Bridge was upset. In his work he did not often come in contact with . . . bodies. Of course he should have to make sure. He should have to . . . examine her.

For one dead the girl did not look at all repulsive; John Bridge was surprised at the color in her cheeks. She was not exactly pretty, but she looked pretty, lying there. Her features were not regular—generous mouth, tilted nose, triangular chin with the tuck of laughter in it—but there was a singular purity about their outline, a clearness of chiseling, as if they were meant to be that way and no other. She had the amazing, almost unearthly, fairness that is sometimes seen with red hair. The red hair was shoulder-length and curly; it blew loose, a wild and windy mop, spread across the sand like a big red halo. She wore a pair of bright cotton beach pajamas.

John Bridge leaned down and put his hand on her. She was still warm.

John Bridge knelt, pressed his ear over her heart. Immediately he was aware of a wild, loud pounding. This, to his confusion, turned out to be his heart, not hers. John Bridge was astounded, even alarmed. He had never had before the least hint of heart trouble. It must have been from running. He moved his ear a little higher.

"Hello," said a bright voice, quivering with laughter. "Did you have a nice nap?"

John Bridge jerked himself onto his hands and knees. It was a sufficiently awkward position for any careful young man to be found in.

"I—I *thought* you were killed," he stammered.

She was looking at him out of the most amazingly dark blue eyes—practically purple, like the sea at twilight—set deep in a tangle of lashes. There was a world of laughter in that deep blue look.

"I was asleep," she said. "When I woke up you were asleep, too, with your head on my stomach. I hope it made a good pillow."

"It *wasn't* your stomach," cried John Bridge, confused. The words did not give at all the impression he had intended. "I mean—I was trying to find your heart."

"Really? Quite a romantic notion."

"Oh, no," cried John Bridge. "Not that. I mean—I wanted to see if it was going."

"And was it?" she inquired. "Or did it stop short at sight of you?"

"You couldn't see me," John Bridge pointed out logically, "when you were asleep."

"That's right, too," she agreed. "So I couldn't." She swung a bare leg, up which the loose trouser slipped alarmingly, and rolled over. "I was taking a sun bath," she explained. "I guess it's time to do the other side." She reached up in the most nonchalant way and began to pull down one of the shoulder straps.

"*Look out!*" cried John Bridge involuntarily. "It'll come down."

THE girl was annoyingly calm. "I don't want a pale spot on my back," she told him. The loose sand moved under her, shaping itself to the curves of her body. She scooped a little hollow in front, and folded her hands, and propped up her chin. "Come around here where I can see you," she said. "I want to know if you're really as disagreeable as you look."

At the moment John Bridge did not, in fact, look disagreeable at all. He looked like a dreadfully embarrassed young man, confronted by a situation with which he was ill prepared to cope. John Bridge was normally 5 feet 11¾ inches tall, erect of carriage, incisive of gesture; he had brown hair, well disciplined against a tendency to tip up round the edges; calm, gray eyes; firm lips, and a firmer chin. Now, as he stumbled across the sand, he looked bigger and broader than reason said he could be; he had a harried expression; he had a brilliancy of coloring which had developed too suddenly to be altogether sunburn. The way his hands were crammed into his pockets hinted at a nervous tension which John Bridge would have been the first to deprecate. When he sat down, it was with an effect of collapsing, as if something had given way and let him drop.

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Even the girl noticed. "You don't look disagreeable just now," she admitted. "But you did last night. Why didn't you come on in and dance?"

"I don't dance much," said John Bridge. For the first time in his life it struck him that this statement called for explanation. "As exercise," he said, "a brisk walk in the open air, a dip in the ocean, even lifting weights . . ." He broke off short.

THE girl laughed—whole-heartedly tipping back her head. "Who dances for exercise?" she scoffed. "What do you go on a vacation for?"

"Why," said John Bridge, struggling to make a perfectly plain matter even plainer, "to—to store up energy for the year's work."

That time she did not laugh. She looked inquiring, puzzled. "Don't you ever do anything for fun?" she asked. "If that is your idea of a vacation, what on earth do you do when you're working?"

"I am administrator of the city department of poor relief," he said stiffly.

The girl sat up then. Bounced up, no less. Mercifully she remembered the shoulder straps. "How perfectly grand!" she cried. "I've always wanted to meet an administrator of poor relief. You never know when one might come in handy. When I need a soup ticket, will you give me one?"

A great many people had asked John Bridge for soup tickets, but he had never been so painfully embarrassed. "I—I guess it won't be necessary," he stammered.

"It's more than likely," she assured him. "I'm out of work."

The habits of a lifetime are not easily overcome. It was the duty of John Bridge, in his professional capacity, to inquire into the causes of poverty. "Then why," he said, "if you are out of work, are you taking a vacation?"

"That's why, of course," she said.

"But you ought to be looking for another position. . . ." John Bridge was recovering rapidly, now that things were back on a more professional basis.

She moved forward. "Our office had to retrench," she confided, "and I'm the retrenchment. I had two hundred dollars, so I thought I'd spend it on a vacation and get myself in good shape for starving. It gives so much more conviction to your tone, when you beg the stony-hearted capitalist for work, if you really *are* starving, instead of being a capitalist yourself, with two hundred dollars in the bank."

John Bridge groaned. This was the type which made his work so hard. Improvident. Irresponsible. Short-sighted. Easy-going. . . . He found himself looking at a diamond pin in her waistband.

"Nice, isn't it?" she said. "It was my grandmother's. I expect I *would* starve before I'd sell it. It would be like selling my pride."

Well . . . there you were. Talking about starving. Wearing a fabulous diamond stuck into beach pajamas. Undisciplined. Headstrong. Foolish. Flighty. Proud. The very type that invariably came to want. . . . She was still young, though. Perhaps it was not too late.

"I must talk to you," he said.

"All right," she agreed cheerfully. "This afternoon. Let's go back to lunch now. Starvation is setting in already."

John Bridge talked to the girl that very afternoon. Her name was Merlin Tallant. There was magic in the name, somehow. John Bridge said so. It was one of several things that he had not intended to mention.

They had gone down to Pinpoint: a long thin line of rock that went pricking into the water; the waves washed across the end and made slow, recurrent punctuation for their speech; there was a continuity about it, a rhythm, that made it easy to go on talking. John Bridge told Merlin more about himself that afternoon—even about his family—than he had ever told anyone. More, perhaps, than he altogether realized.

MERLIN told him about herself too. She was a member of a great, big, impecunious, haphazard family, headed by Father Tallant, who had a genius for buying things. "I believe there isn't anything in the world that Father hasn't bought," Merlin said. "We used to say he had bought everything except a locomotive. And then he bought that. It was quite a joke."

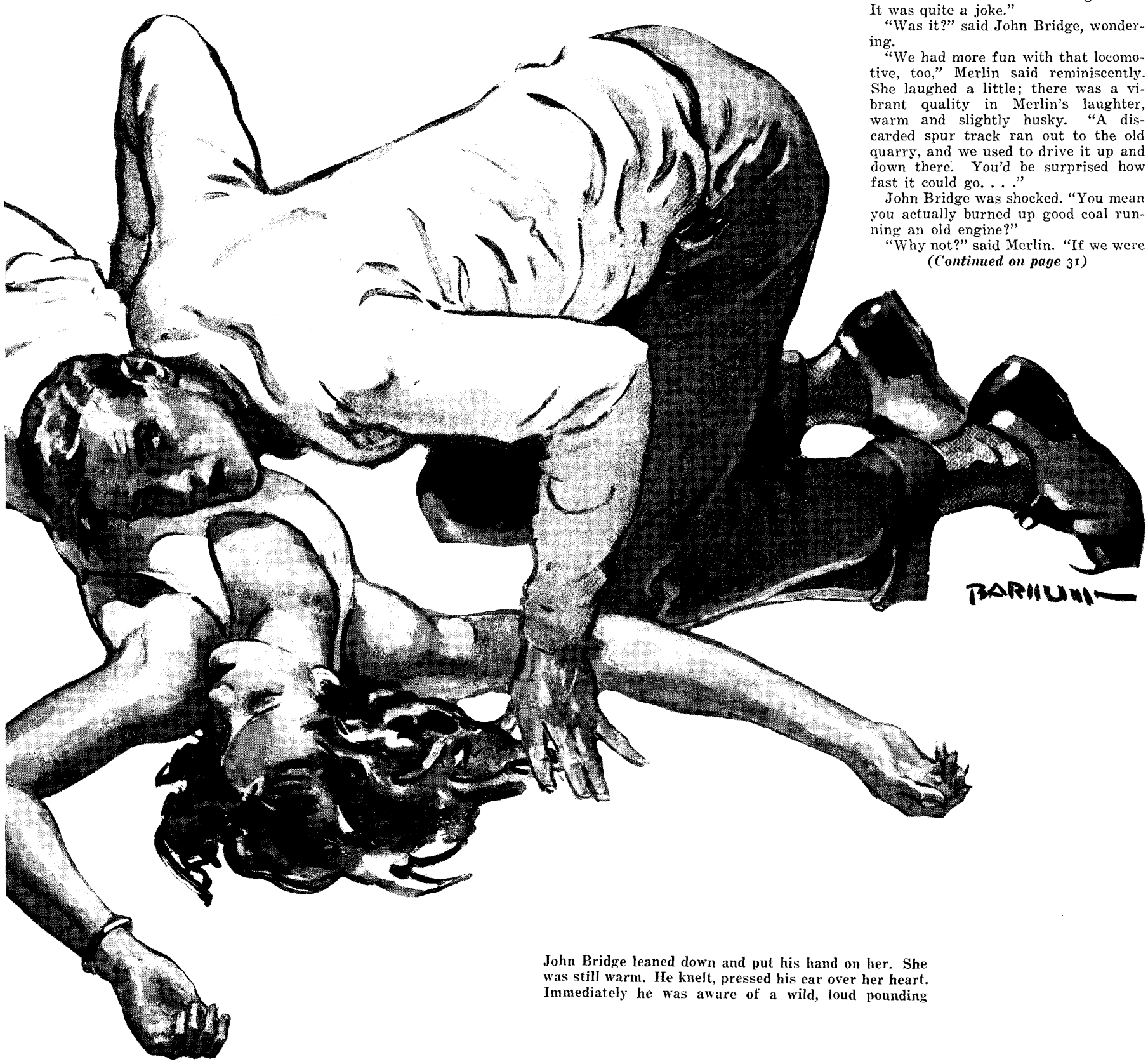
"Was it?" said John Bridge, wondering.

"We had more fun with that locomotive, too," Merlin said reminiscently. She laughed a little; there was a vibrant quality in Merlin's laughter, warm and slightly husky. "A discarded spur track ran out to the old quarry, and we used to drive it up and down there. You'd be surprised how fast it could go. . . ."

John Bridge was shocked. "You mean you actually burned up good coal running an old engine?"

"Why not?" said Merlin. "If we were

(Continued on page 31)



John Bridge leaned down and put his hand on her. She was still warm. He knelt, pressed his ear over her heart. Immediately he was aware of a wild, loud pounding

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

A PLAGUE—deadly, mysterious—attacks southern France. One man alone succeeds in evolving an antidote: Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist. But he, too, is stricken; and, his supply of the remedy exhausted, he dies. And the formula for the remedy vanishes! . . . What has become of that formula? Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative, and young Alan Sterling (friend of Petrie) learn the answer. It horrifies them, astounds them. The formula has been destroyed by an enemy of mankind—a monster who is striving to terrorize the world: *Dr. Fu Manchu!*

Surrounded by dacoits (Burmese killers in Fu Manchu's employ), Sir Denis and Sterling, in constant peril, have a series of thrilling adventures. Then (while the detective is in Berlin) Sterling is captured by the plotters, rushed to a mysterious establishment—Fu Manchu's laboratory! The "Doctor," an Oriental of great distinction, greets him courteously. Then— "You, Sterling, are now in China. Henceforth you work for me. Come—I will introduce you to my other assistants." *And Sterling* receives the shock of his life—the "assistants" are famous scientists, *all supposed to be dead!* . . . A weird phantasmagoria, that laboratory. Secret doors lead from one room of wonders to another. And Sterling is shown creations which amaze him: monstrous insects, enormous spiders and creatures which are neither man nor beast! But the wonder of wonders is the flower of "the Orchid of Life"—the oil from which will render man immortal! . . .

A prisoner, Sterling thinks often of a girl. Having met her casually, he knows only that she is beautiful; that she is called "Fleurette": that she lives in the villa of Ste. Claire de la Roche, on the coast of southern France. But he loves her. Who, he wonders, is she? What has become of her? . . . His questions are answered —in Fu Manchu's stronghold. Fleurette is there! She comes to him. Breathlessly they converse. The girl (so she says) had been adopted, when she was a baby, by Mahdi Bey, an old Arab doctor, who occupies the Ste. Claire de la Roche villa. "I," she whispers, "have been trained for a purpose." Then, as a light, trumpet-like note is heard (the master's method of summoning his servants), she hurries away. . . . From another beautiful woman (Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's fascinating daughter) Sterling learns more of Fleurette—and the doctor's plans. "You," she says, "are in France, not China. Soon my father will start his war on the world. He wants a son. It will be Fleurette's duty to give him one. You love her. I will help you to win her." She leaves Sterling, who, to his amazement, finds Fu Manchu deep in an opium dream—and escapes. It is night. A man comes forward. Nayland Smith!

Quickly Sterling narrates his adventures. "Ah," Sir Denis says, "*my theory was right!*"

VII

"WHAT do you mean?" I asked. Nayland Smith was silent for a moment; then—"There was once another woman, Sterling, who under hypnotic direction from Dr. Fu Manchu possessed somewhat similar gifts. The Doctor is probably the most accomplished hypnotist in the world. Many of his discoveries are undoubtedly due to his employment of these powers. And it would seem that there is some mental affinity between this girl's brain and your own."

My heart beat faster as he spoke the words.

"But as to what happened in Berlin: I arrived to find the professor's laboratory in flames!"

"What!"

"The origin of the fire could not be traced. Incendiarism was suspected by the police. Briefly, the place was burned to a shell, in spite of the efforts of the fire brigade. . . . It is feared that the professor was trapped in the flames."

"Dead?"

"At the time of my hurried departure the heat remained too great for any examination of the ruins. But from the moment that Dr. Krus was seen to enter his laboratory, no one attached to his household ever saw him again."

"Good heavens!" I groaned, "the very gods seem to have been fighting against poor Petrie."

"The gods?" Nayland Smith echoed grimly. "The gods of China—Fu Manchu's China. . . ."

"Whatever do you mean, Sir Denis?"

"The burglary of Sir Manston Rorke's," he rasped, "Sir Manston's sudden death—the fire at Professor Krus' laboratory, and his disappearance: these things are no more coincidences than Fah Lo Suee's visit to the hospital where Petrie lay. Then—something else, which I am going to tell you."

He rested his hand upon my knee and went on rapidly:

"I dashed back to the airdrome—there was nothing more I could do in Berlin. There came a series of unaccountable delays—none of which I could trace to its source. But they were deliberate, Sterling; they were deliberate. Someone was interested in hindering my return. However, ultimately I got away. It was late in the afternoon before I reached the hospital. I had had the news—about Petrie—when I landed, of course."

HE STOPPED for a moment, and I could tell he was clenching his pipe very tightly between his teeth; then:

"As is the custom," he went on, "in cases of pestilence in a hot climate, they had . . . buried him."

I reached out and squeezed his shoulder.

"It hit *me* very hard, too," I said.

"I know it did. There is a long bill against Dr. Fu Manchu, but you don't know all yet. You see, the history of this brilliant Chinese horror is known to me in considerable detail. Although I didn't doubt your word when you assured me that Fah Lo Suee had not touched Petrie in the hospital, you may recall that I questioned you very closely as to where she was sitting during the greater part of her visit?"

"I do."

"Well!" he paused, taking his pipe from between his teeth and staring at me in the darkness. "She had brought something—probably hidden in a pocket inside her fur cloak—"

"You mean—"

"I mean that she *succeeded* in the purpose of her visit. Yes, Sterling! Oh, no blame attaches to you. That hellcat is nearly as brilliant an illusionist as her illustrious father. Briefly, when Cartier and Brisson gave me a detailed account of the symptoms which had preceded the end—I was not satisfied."

"Not satisfied with what?"

"You shall hear."

He paused for a moment and grasped my arm.

"Listen!"

We sat there, both listening intently.

"What did you think you heard?" I whispered.

"I am not certain that I heard anything; but it may have been a vague movement on the path. Are you armed?"

"No."

"I am. If I give the word—run for it. I'll bring up the rear. The boat is hidden just under the headland. They will pull in and we can wade out to them.

"Your disappearance on the road from Monte Carlo," Nayland Smith went on, "puzzled me extraordinarily. The guiding hand behind this business had ceased to be a matter of speculation. I knew that we were dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu. But where you belonged in the scheme was not clear to me. I had urgent personal work to do, necessitating the bringing of pressure to bear on the French authorities. Therefore, I delegated to a local chief of police the task of tracing your movements step by step, on the night of your disappearance.

"This was undertaken with that admirable thoroughness which characterizes police work here, and involved a house-to-house inquiry along many miles of the Corniche road. In the meantime, working unremittingly, I had

secured the powers which I sought. . . . Petrie's grave—a very hurried one—was reopened. . . ."

"What!"

"Yes; it was a pretty ghastly task. In order to perform it in secrecy, we had to close the place and post police upon the roads approaching it. However, it was accomplished at last, and the common coffin in which the interment had taken place was hauled up and laid upon the earth."

"My God!" I groaned.

"I have undertaken some unpleasant duties, Sterling, but the sound of the screws being extracted and the thought that presently—"

He broke off, and sat silent.

"It was done at last," he went on, "and I think I was nearer to fainting than I have ever been in my life. Not from horror, not from sorrow; but because my theory—my eleventh-hour hope—had proved to have a substratum of fact."

"WHAT do you mean, Sir Denis?"

"I mean that Petrie was not in the coffin!"

"Not in the coffin! . . . It was empty?"

"Not at all." He laughed grimly. "It contained a body right enough. The body of a Burman. The mark of Kali was on his brow—and he had died from a shot wound in the stomach."

"Good heavens! The dacoit who—"

"Exactly, Sterling! Your late friend of the Villa Jasmin, beyond doubt. You will observe that Dr. Fu Manchu finds uses for his servants—dead, as well as *living!*"

"But this is astounding! What does it mean?"

Quite a long time elapsed before Sir Denis replied:

"I don't dare to hope that it means what I wish it to mean," he said; "but —Petrie was not buried."

I was literally breathless with astonishment, but at last:

"Whenever can so amazing a substitution have taken place?" I asked.

"The very question to which I next applied myself," Nayland Smith replied. "Half an hour's inquiry established the facts. The little mortuary, which I believe you have visited, is not guarded. And his body, hastily encased as I have indicated, lay there throughout the night. The mortuary is a lonely building, as you may remember. For Dr. Fu Manchu's agents such a substitution was a simple matter."

"WHAT do you think?" I broke in.

"I don't dare to tell you what I think—or hope. But Dr. Fu Manchu is the greatest physician the world has ever known. Come on! Let's establish contact with the police boat."

He stood up and began to walk rapidly down to the beach. We had about reached the spot where first I had set eyes upon Fleurette when a boat with two rowers and two men in the stern shot out from shadow into moonlight and was pulled in toward us.

Sir Denis suddenly raised his arm, signaling that they should go about.

I watched the boat swing round, and saw it melt again into the shadows from which it had come. I met the glance of eyes steely in the moonlight.

"An idea has occurred to me," said Sir Denis.

I thought that he watched me strangely.

"If it concerns myself," I replied, "count on me for anything!"

"Good man!"

He clapped his hand on my shoulder.

"Before I mention it, I must bring you up to date. Move back into the shadow."

We walked up the beach and then:

"I checked up on the police reports," he went on. "That dealing with Ste. Claire was the only one which I regarded as unsatisfactory. Ste. Claire, as you probably know, was formerly an extensive monastery; in fact, many of the vineyards in this neighborhood once yielded their produce to the Father Abbot. When the community dispersed, it came into the possession of some noble family whose name I have forgotten. The point of interest and the point which attracted me, was this:

"The place is built on a steep hillside, opening into a deep cleft which we have just negotiated, rather less than a mile in length. The chief building, now known as a villa but a reconstruction of the former monastery, is surrounded by one or two other buildings—and there is a little straggling street. It has been the property for the past fifteen years of a certain wealthy Argentine gentleman, regarding whose

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history I have set inquiries on foot.

"More recently the lease was taken over by one Mahdi Bey, of whom I have been able to learn very little—except that he practiced as a physician in Alexandria at one time, and is evidently a man of great wealth. He it was who closed Ste. Claire to the public. However, the police in the course of their inquiries paid a domiciliary visit sometime during yesterday afternoon. They were received by a major-domo, who apologized for the absence of his master, who is apparently in Paris.

"THEY were shown over the villa and the adjoining houses, occupied now, I gather, by dependents of the bey. No information was obtained upon the subject of your disappearance.

"But, in glancing through the police report, bearing in mind that I was definitely looking for a place occupied by Dr. Fu Manchu, a process of elimination showed me that of all the establishments visited, Ste. Claire alone remained suspect.

"The Argentine owner had built a number of remarkable forcing-houses. haps millions—of those damnable flies! The deaths of which we know were merely experimental. The cases were watched, secretly, with great interest, by Dr. Fu Manchu or his immediate agents. It was the duty of one of his servants—probably a Burman—to release one of these flies in the neighborhood of the selected victim. I have learned that they seek shadow during the daytime, and operate at dusk and in artificial light. Directly there was presumptive evidence that the fly had bitten the selected subject, it was the duty of Fu Manchu's servant to place a spray of this fly-catching plant—the name of which I don't know—where it would attract the fly.

"To make assurance doubly sure, the seductive leaves were sprayed with human blood! Vegetable fly-papers, Sterling—nothing less!"

"My God! It's plain enough to me, now."

"Such experiments have apparently been carried out all over the world.

"That Dr. Fu Manchu—or the Si-Fan, which is the same thing—has international agents I know for a fact. of *flies*—carrying the germ of a new plague; a plague for which medical science knows no remedy!"

I was awed, silenced.

"Police manned a boat in the neighboring bay," Nayland Smith went on; "I distrusted the sound of a motor. They told me that there was a little beach attached to Ste. Claire. And in this again I recognized such a spot as Fu Manchu would have chosen.

"AT DUSK I waded ashore, ordering the boat to lie off in the shadow of the cliff. I was acting unofficially; I was outside the law if I should be wrong; but I had left a sealed envelope with the chief of police, telling him upon what evidence I had acted—if I should not return.

"I walked up the strip of sand, reached the pebbles and had just come to the big boulders when I saw a speedboat heading in! I took cover behind one of the boulders and waited.

"It came right in. The police had orders not to show themselves unless they received a prearranged signal. A man waded ashore through the shallow

A hundred, perhaps a thousand deaths, lay at this man's door—yet, it was impossible

John Richard Flanagan

The police, under my directions and unaware of the reasons for them, were ostensibly searching for an escaped criminal, which enabled them tactfully to explore the various villas en route. I noted in their report that they had merely glanced into these houses, nor did I come upon any account of the enormous wine cellars, enlargements of natural caves, which, I was informed, lay below the former monastery.

"The character and extent of Dr. Fu Manchu's new campaign dawned upon me suddenly, Sterling. I wonder if it has dawned upon you?"

"I'm afraid it hasn't," I confessed. "I have alternated between the belief that I was dead and the belief that I was delirious, almost throughout the time that I have been in that house. But, knowing now that what I saw was not fantasy, I am still in doubt, I must confess, as to the nature of this 'war' which threatens."

"Its nature is painfully clear," Nayland Smith rapped. "Somewhere in this place there are thousands—per-This means that collections of these flies, which have been specially bred to carry the new plague and to spread it, exist at unknown centers in various parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia—also, doubtless, on the continent of America.

"Of all those seeking it, Petrie alone discovered a treatment which promised to be successful! Dr. Fu Manchu's allies would of course be inoculated against the plague. But do you see, Sterling—do you see what Petrie did, and why he stood in the Chinaman's way?"

I HESITATED. I was beginning to grasp the truth, but before I could reply:

"The formula for '654' would have been broadcast to the medical authorities of the world, in the event of a general outbreak. This would have shattered Fu Manchu's army."

"Fu Manchu's army?"

"An army, Sterling, bred and trained to depopulate the white world! An army water, and the boat immediately set out again, and soon had disappeared around the headland.

"I watched him come through the gap between the boulders. He was wearing gum boots and went very silently. But I was rubber-shod, and could go silently, too. I followed him.

"In this way unconsciously he led me to the foot of the steps, and I followed him, flight by flight, to the top. I was craning over the parapet when he opened the door; but, nevertheless, it took me nearly ten minutes to find how it worked."

"Do you mean to say that you broke into that house alone?"

"Yes. It was a one-man job: two would have bungled it."

I could find no words with which to reply. It was a privilege merely to listen to a man at once so clear-headed and so fearless.

"I was first attracted," he went on, "by the long corridor at the end of which a green light burned. There was not a sound in the place and so I explored this corridor first. I discovered a sliding door operated by one of the button controls, and I opened it."

He paused—laughing shortly.

"I asked you to describe Fleurette particularly," he went on, "because my first investigation led me to Fleurette's bedroom!

"Yes, Sterling, the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. I could see her in the reflected moonlight, one arm thrown over her head, and her face turned toward the window. Your description was that of an artist. I agree with you: she is beautiful. Yet it wasn't her beauty which pulled me up, nor even the knowledge that I had made a mistake: it was something else."

"What?" I asked eagerly.

"I knew her, Sterling! Yes! I know who she is, this mystery girl who has taken such a hold upon you."

"But, Sir Denis, do you mean . . ."

"I understand your eagerness, and you shall hear everything later. I was anxious to learn the color of her eyes. You see, they were closed; she was asleep. I retired without disturbing her. I next descended the stairs. . . ."

"Good God! I wish I had your nerve!"

"Really, I had very little to fear."

"You may think so—but please go on, Sir Denis."

"MY GUIDE, of course, had disappeared, but I found a square space, with corridors opening right and left. The trail of muddy rubber boots gave me the clue. The imprint of fingers on a panel three feet from the floor enabled me to open the door. I found myself in that insane laboratory—"

"Insane is the word," I murmured.

"It was empty. It was permeated by a dim, violet light. And as I entered—the door closed! I was particularly intrigued by a piece of mechanism resembling an ancient Egyptian harp."

"I noticed it, also."

"I determined to investigate more closely, but there was a black mark on the floor surrounding the table on which this piece of mechanism stood. . . ."

"Say no more, Sir Denis! I have had the same experience."

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"Oh! Is that so? This rather checked me. I observed that such a mark ran entirely around the laboratory close to the wall: you may have failed to notice this? And I can only suppose that this system of checking intruders had been disconnected in relation to the doors because the unknown man who had unwittingly acted as my guide was expected.

"As the idea flashed across my mind I had no more than time to duck, when the man in question came out!

"A panel slid open on the left-hand wall, and a Chinaman, still wearing wet gum boots, closed the door behind him, crossed the laboratory, opened another door on the farther side, and disappeared.

"I waited for a while, listening to a sort of throbbing which alone disturbed the silence, and then I too ventured to open that door. Do you know what I found?"

"I can guess."

"I found myself face to face with Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

"FOR the past twenty years, Sterling, I have prayed for an opportunity to rid the world of this monster. My automatic was raised; I could have shot him where he sat. He hadn't a chance in a million. You know the room? I saw you come out of it.

"He was seated in that throne-like chair behind the big table, and his marmoset, that wizened little creature which I haven't seen for fifteen years, was asleep on his shoulder. The reek told me the story—Dr. Fu Manchu has always been addicted to opium. He was asleep."

"I know!" I groaned.

"You evidently conquered the same temptation. But I am still wondering if we are right. When I decided that I couldn't shoot him as he slept, I cursed my own ridiculous prejudices. A hundred, perhaps a thousand deaths, lay at this man's door—yet, it was impossible.

"Suddenly I observed a door on the right of his chair, and I knew that Dr. Fu Manchu as an adversary might be disregarded for the moment. There was a button beside this door. I opened it, and saw a second door a pace beyond. I opened this also.

"And I found myself looking into a tropical jungle! At which moment the marmoset awakened, uttered its shrill, whistling cry, and whirled past me, disappearing among the trees in that misty place. . . .

"I turned, my automatic raised, watching Fu Manchu. He didn't move. I ventured to take a step into that huge glasshouse. I looked all about me, at the banks of flowers, and up into the palm tops. Further exploration would be madness, I thought. I had achieved my purpose.

"My next step was to get out, undetected, as I had got in. I had just turned, intent upon the idea of creeping back into the room of Fu Manchu, when I heard a sound of soft footsteps up among the palm tops.

"This hastened my action. Without attempting to close the communicating doors, I crept back across the carpet of the study, and out into the big laboratory. I hesitated there for a moment; but finally I closed the door.

"Avoiding the black marks, I set out, moving rapidly to the right. As I neared the wall at the end of that huge place, which, as you have probably realized, is built entirely underground, an unpleasant fact dawned upon me:

"I could not remember at which point I had entered! And the blank spaces on the wall offered no clue.

"I was making tentative experiments when I heard someone come out from Dr. Fu Manchu's study. . . . I dived to cover.

"The black marks upon the floor I knew I must avoid, and I had just found a hiding-place when someone began to walk along the laboratory toward me!

"I saw this figure go up to a recess between two tall cases. The walls being divided into panels by a sort of metal beading, I was determined to make no mistake, and I crept forward in order to watch more closely.

"In my eagerness, I allowed one foot to intrude upon a black mark surrounding an instrument resembling a searchlight. The shock which ran up my leg brought me flatly to the floor. I cursed under my breath and lay there prone.

"When I ventured to look up, the man had disappeared.

"The wall displayed its former even surface. But I knew where the door was, and I knew that I could open it by pressing hard three feet from the floor.

"EVIDENTLY I had not been detected. I allowed fifty or sixty seconds to elapse, and then, in turn, I opened the door. I saw a flight of stairs ahead of me, and recognized them for those which I had descended. As I crept cautiously onto the first step, the door closed behind me.

"I waited, listening.

"Very faintly, for these mechanisms are beautifully adjusted, I heard a door above being opened. I remembered it; it was the door by which I had come in.

"The rest, Sterling, you know. An unknown man, for I had never had a glimpse of your face, and your attire was unfamiliar, was moving somewhere between me and the shore which I desired to reach."

He stopped, and:

"What's that?" he whispered.

An elfin note, audible above the faint sound of the sea, had reached my ears, as it had reached his.

"Someone is calling me," I said; "my absence has been noted."

I often remember the silence which fell between us at that moment. I thought I knew what Nayland Smith was thinking—perhaps because I was thinking the same, myself.

"It's asking a lot, Sterling," he said at last. "I have a good old-fashioned police whistle in my pocket, and there's a police boat standing by. But I told you a while ago that an idea had occurred to me."

Remembering what Sir Denis had done that night, how, alone, he had penetrated to this secret stronghold of Dr. Fu Manchu, I set my course, and when next he spoke I was glad I had done so. His idea was mine!

"What's the mechanism?" he asked. "You said, I think, it was a ring?"

I slipped the ring from my finger and handed it to him. Already I saw his plan, and my part in it.

"I have no right to ask what I am going to ask, Sterling—" he began.

"I had thought of it already," I interrupted. "I am game. This is a fight to a finish and you are in charge, Sir Denis. Just give me my orders."

"Unless my calculations are wildly at fault, Sterling, Petrie is up there in that house—dead or alive—I don't know which. But I *want* to know, before I make my next move."

DIMLY I saw him slip the adjustable ring upon his finger, and then:

"I will come back to the door," he said. "The whistle will be audible from that point to the men in the boat. Make straight for the dial—the one Herman Trenck explained to you. The curse is, you don't know Morse."

"I have the code in my pocket."

"It isn't easy to work from printed instructions," he rapped back. "What I have in mind is this: If you are not suspected, just call your number. What is it?"

"103," I replied. "It's on the ring."

"Good enough. Failing such a message within a period of ten minutes, I shall raid the house at once: I have it covered."

"That's quite clear, Sir Denis."

"In the event of your giving me the O. K., I shall wait for the Morse message—but I shall wait only half an hour. The plain call again will tell me. Try to find out if Petrie is there—and if he is alive, or dead. One sustained note to mean that he is there, but dead: two short ones, that he is there, but alive."

And as he spoke, he was urging me forward, up the path.

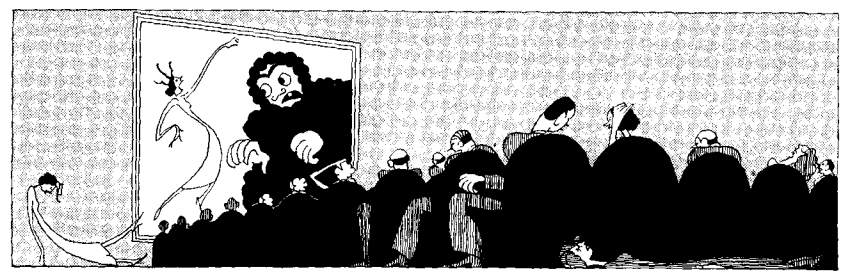
"There may be difficulties about the missing ring," I suggested.

"A point I had been considering," he returned. "Have you any suggestions? You know the place better than I do. Where might you have lost it? Where would it be difficult to find?"

"Among the aquatic plants," I replied eagerly; "some of them grow in deep water."

"Good!" he snapped. "Let it be the aquatic plants. Do your damnedest in the next half hour to find old Petrie; then run for it. I shall be waiting for you. . . ."

(Continued on page 26)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The tremendous power of the movies to impress, excite and influence an audience was well exemplified by a picture so terrifying that, during the many months of its run throughout this country, it caused an average of 28 persons a week to faint or go into hysterical collapse.

An ingenious suicide was that of Chung Ling Soo, a Chinese magician, on a London stage in 1918 during his act of catching bullets fired at him by his assistants. A real bullet mysteriously happened to be among the blanks that were used. The condition of his affairs later indicated that he had planned the "accident."

From antiquity up to 425 A. D. a defendant before the Great Sanhedrin, the supreme Hebrew tribunal, was acquitted if the 71 judges rendered a quick and unanimous verdict of *guilty*. Such a decision, it was believed, showed either conspiracy or lack of calm deliberation.—*By J. P. Rebillot, Canton, Ohio.*

The music publishers' society of England has made much progress in demanding fees from hotels, cafés and other public places that use radio sets to entertain their guests. The organization has not only issued many licenses in the past year, but it recently won an important test case against a large hotel.

During the 14th century in Spain, bearded faces became so fashionable that many fancy gentlemen, not satisfied with one facial appearance, shaved themselves and wore false beards—of various shapes and colors to match their clothes and moods.—*By Marion Etzold, New York City.*

One American manufacturer makes 8,900 different types and sizes of electric lamps, the largest producing 1,500,000 times as much light as the smallest.—*By B. L. Vincent, Coleraine, Minnesota.*

Word blindness, the strange inability of a child to learn to read and understand written and printed words although normal in auditory memory and all other mental faculties, is caused by a congenital brain lesion and not defective vision.

Despite the progress that has been made by the League of Nations and international reform societies, the buying and selling of girls and women is still a legalized and licensed business in Tokyo, Japan.—*By H. E. Bowman, Fort Humphreys, Virginia.*

Without parallel is a lease for 20,881 years that is held today on a farm in the old parish of Kirkhill, Scotland. Drawn up about 200 years ago, it was declared to be legal and valid by the highest Scottish court when the government attempted to confiscate the land after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

The world today needs—for the saving of life—at least 44 times as much quinine as it produces. The annual supply is only 600 tons while 26,000 tons alone are actually required for the 650,000,000 malaria patients.—*By Dr. L. A. Hopkins, Tacoma, Washington.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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The Kitchen Cabinet

By George Creel

Weeks before Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, popular fancy, aided and abetted by the imagination of the press, had settled upon the new President's unofficial advisers. Names and functions were freely assigned and the whole thing neatly sewed up. The only thing wrong with that picture was that it simply wasn't so. Here Mr. Creel, who for years was closely associated with Mr. Roosevelt, shows you the real membership of the kitchen cabinet and the part it plays

"Big Jim" Farley (below, left) has a happy knack of finding out what people are talking about

Keystone

The place of Colonel House (left) is in that nebulous group known as Elder Statesmen

Keystone

Keystone

Wide World

Around Dr. Raymond Moley (right) was built the famous "brain trust" of the 1932 campaign

Colonel Howe (above, right) has been the President's associate for twenty-two years

WHO, if anyone, has the private ear of Franklin Roosevelt? What person or persons forgather with him in the quiet of a back room when great matters are up for discussion and decision? These are important questions, for kitchen cabinets have always been more powerful than the real article. The men behind a Chief Executive, intimate enough to enjoy the free run of the White House, play far larger part in an administration than those whose companionship is confined to the formalities of the throne-room.

Amos Kendall, Frank Blair and Major William B. Lewis, all inconspicuous figures from an official point of view, were Andrew Jackson's close friends and constant advisers, and not a member of the Cabinet nor senator nor representative equaled them in authority and influence. Much the same conditions existed during the régime of Theodore Roosevelt, for he followed his personal preferences no less blindly than Old Hickory.

With respect to Franklin Roosevelt, the press has long since put speculation aside in favor of certainty. A kitchen cabinet was soon established as a fixed feature of the new administration, and the great majority of newspapers were firmly convinced that full power would be centered in this informal group rather than in those gentlemen with portfolios who constitute the President's official family, and are assumed to act as his consultants and advisers in all matters of program and questions of policy.

Names were given and functions openly assigned. Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, for twenty-two years Mr. Roosevelt's most intimate associate, was to be the head of the kitchen cabinet. Agreement as to this was virtually unanimous. All questions, whether pertaining to men or measures, foreign policies or household arrangements, the size of the regular army or dinner lists, would have to run the gantlet of his critical judgment. His voice, croaking austerely from the deeper shadows, was confidently expected to have all the force of finality.

Next came Colonel Edward Mandell House, "America's Warwick." Various ardent biographers were passionate in their insistence that he would be the boss of the kitchen cabinet, but political dopesters, for the most part, put him down as the second ranking member, well below Colonel Howe. Where he would sit was the subject of dispute, but Washington correspondents were all agreed that the wispy little Texan would be on hand at every major conference, tiptoeing softly up the backstairs or making some other unobtrusive entrance.

A Beautiful Myth

Professor Raymond Moley is also one who occupied a prominent place in the press picture of the kitchen cabinet. Cozily and permanently ensconced in some shadowy inner chamber, the walls lined with charts and graphs, the Columbia pedagogue was set down as the Heap Big Medicine Man of the new administration. Wearing a skullcap, and clutching a glass retort in his waxy hand, Good Old Doctor Moley would apply the acid test of science to all of President Roosevelt's problems.

Last, but not least by any means, the spotlight was thrown on James Aloysius Farley, the agile fellow who covered nineteen states in twenty days, winning that number of delegations for Roosevelt without other expenditure than two bits for a new collar. Colonel Howe, Colonel House and Doctor Moley were looked upon as "inside men," only cerebrating behind closed doors, but to Mr. Farley was assigned the important post of field agent or contact man. Even as Paul Revere, a horse would be his inseparable companion, and through the medium of his mad gallops it was presumed that he would gather the reports from which President Roosevelt and his laboratory men would deduce the exact state of public opinion.

Was ever anything nicer? Colonel Howe, F. R.'s alter ego! The Eye that Never Sleeps! Master Mind in person, and not a moving picture! Colonel House, a disembodied intellect, working out problems on a map of the world as though it were a chessboard, always ready with an instant and authoritative answer on any question of foreign policy. Good Old Doctor Moley, giving everything the "once over" from the standpoint of public law, political science and economics, and "Big Jim" Farley, crop in hand, furnishing the "human stuff." A closed corporation, compact and smooth-running, doing away with all need of outsiders.

It was an attractive picture, easily one of the best ever painted by the press, but, unfortunately, it happened to be the product of overheated fancy, and not at all a drawing from the life. It is true, to be sure, that President Roosevelt has a kitchen cabinet, a small group of tried and trusted friends who act as a sort of unofficial advisory board, but by no means do members have half the power so blithely credited to them by the press of the country.

For one thing, Franklin Roosevelt comes close to being the last word in courtesy, and will never let any member of his Cabinet suffer minimization or, as the Chinese have it, "lose face." Each one is the supreme ruler in his own domain, subject, of course, to administration policies. As a matter of fact, it is certain that the Roosevelt Cabinet, more than any other in recent years, is indeed the consulting board intended by the makers of the Constitution. The late Thomas F. Walsh was extremely loath to quit the Senate for the post of Attorney-General, and was only induced to accept when the President explained that he wanted him as a "member of my advisory council" rather than as a mere department head.

Borrowed Brains

A further indication of Mr. Roosevelt's independent habit of mind is furnished by the fact that the Cabinet represents his own purely personal preferences. From a political standpoint it was a poor job of picking, for Hull, Swanson and Roper are all three from the Solid South; Farley, Woodin and Miss Perkins are New Yorkers, and Woodin, to the Western mind, personifies Wall Street and Big Business. Nevertheless, they were the people the President wanted for his official family, and no amount of anguished moaning was able to alter his determination. And not one of the lot, it may be mentioned, is of the "yes-man" type.

There is still another reason why the kitchen cabinet does not exercise the supreme authority credited to it by the press. Like Woodrow Wilson, his avowed idol, Franklin Roosevelt "borrows brains." Unlike Wilson, however, this borrowing is not limited to a select circle, but comes near to taking in the whole population. As governor of New York, a steady stream of callers poured in and out of his private office; as President-elect, the parlors of his home were jammed with visitors, and it is safe to say that in the White House he will see more people than any President in history.

The man loves personal contacts, and there is never anything perfunctory about his interviews. Ideas excite him, and he brings an eager attention to bear on every conversation. It is not possible to limit such a temperament to any group, and nothing is more certain than that he will take counsel from all who have intelligent counsel to offer. To tell the truth, there is a danger in his very receptivity, for a wide-open mind all too often invites the deposit of a lot of trash.

Where, then, does the kitchen cabinet come in? Well, with respect to Colonel Howe, there can be no overestimation of his closeness to the President, and his position in the White House is comparable to that occupied by Major Lewis with Andrew Jackson. It is

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Harry Beckhoff

Cooking has become the hobby of girls in all branches of society

The Cook's Day In

Even women who never cooked before are doing it now—and liking it. And if blueberry muffins, Jamaica salmon and chocolate cake aren't enough good reasons why, have a piece of pecan pie. You'll be taking over the cooking and the compliments yourself

By Betty Thornley Stuart

THE pretty brunette with the million-dollar figure took off her broadtail coat, made a pile of her bracelets on the shiny metal table and got into a flowered apron with rick-rack braid on the edge.

"I made that chocolate cream roll on Thursday, and *did* we eat it up! I hoped there'd be some left to show my cook Helga when she got in, but there wasn't a crumb. I don't think she really believes yet I can make what I say I do. When I went to roll it up, I had palpitations. It looks so easy when it's done in class, but when I was the roller—well, it reminded me of the first time I soloed."

"I never flew," said the little blonde at the next table, "but I took up high-diving last summer. I flavored mine with almonds and put in chopped nuts. What'd you use?"

"Grand Marnier. Next time I'm going to try Crême de Menthe. What do we make today, Miss Cummins?"

The presiding genius in white with the gorgeous red hair must have smiled to herself, but it didn't show on the outside. These young matrons, each of whom had at least two servants, some a lot more, were just as interested in their cooking class as the girls who'd married on the slimmest of white-collar hopes, or the settlement children who headed families at fourteen. They even went solemnly down to the bank in the same building and discussed budgeting. Naturally recipes were chosen to fit financially. Some drew whipped cream and plenty of eggs. Some didn't. This was the gas company, teaching all comers.

"Pecan pie," Miss Lucy Cummins said. Here was a fifty-seven-cent proposition, one of the Home Service Division's favorites.

While half the class makes the pastry shells and half hangs over its double boilers, we might as well sit in. Here's the Chocolate Roll from last week and the headliner (approximate cost, 25 cents) on this week's bill:

CHOCOLATE ROLL

6 eggs
6 tblspns powdered sugar
4 tblspns flour
2 tspns baking powder
1 tspn vanilla
Confectioners' sugar
8 tblspns cocoa

Beat egg yolks and sugar until light. Then stir in flour, cocoa, and baking powder which have been sifted together. When well blended fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Place heavy wax paper on large baking sheet and grease lightly. Pour mixture onto paper and spread to one-half-inch thickness. Bake in a 400° oven for 10 minutes. Turn on a clean towel well dusted with confectioners' sugar. Cool. Trim edges. Spread with whipped cream or seven-minute icing combined with coconut or nuts.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

1 egg white, unbeaten
¼ tspn cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
4 tblspns water
1 tspn vanilla or other flavoring
⅛ tspn salt

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla and place in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat continuously for seven minutes or until it is glossy and stands in peaks. Remove, beat in the vanilla and spread on the cake, roll and spread remainder on outside. Approximate cost, five cents.

PECAN PIE

1 cup milk
1 tblspn flour
2 tblspns water
½ cup brown sugar
4 tblspns butter
1 egg
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
6 tblspns sugar
1 cup chopped pecans
1 cooked pastry shell
½ tspn vanilla

Scald milk in top of double boiler. Add flour blended with water, stirring constantly, and cook until thick—about 10 minutes. Beat egg yolks and whole egg and add brown sugar. Pour the scalded milk mixture over egg mixture, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler, add butter and cook until thick—about five minutes. Cool and add one-half cup chopped pecans and vanilla. Pour into cooked pastry shell and top with rest of chopped pecans. Cover with meringue made of two egg whites and six tablespoons sugar, beaten until stiff. Brown in slow oven (300° F.). Approximate cost, 57 cents.

The Grand Marnier class, of course, isn't typical of the two hundred and twenty groups that come to learn modern methods of food preparation.

There are middle-aged women who have had cooks so long that the depression found them out of touch. Many have to learn all over. There are plenty of burned fingers in this division, also a smattering of strange superstitions to be overcome. One lady insisted that marbles ought to be dropped in with the rice to keep the kernels separate. Another swore that any cake was likely to scorch unless it had an asbestos pad on the rack and a pan of ashes on the bottom of the oven.

Then there are the business girls who never counted on cooking but suddenly see it looming through a wedding ring. It was one of these who wrapped up the bread and filed it in the refrigerator. Another tried to make cocoa, poor kid, by putting the milk in the bottom of the double boiler and the remaining ingredients in the top, doubtless trusting to capillary action to get them together.

But these, again, aren't typical. The

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

LEARNING that her broker, Gerald Gerrish, has been spreading ugly rumors about her—a charming girl, whose reputation is spotless—Martha Blaisdell angrily dismisses the man; then, to her consternation, learns that she is in financial straits!

What to do? A sweet, honorable girl, but desperate, she knows the answer. When Herbie Cranston, who is wealthy, proposes, she accepts him. . . . But she has not reckoned with Gerrish. The man, a thoroughgoing rotter, makes numerous attempts to destroy her good name, then, as a last resort, files suit against her, alleging that he has advanced money to her on her promise to marry him!

Open scandal must inevitably follow, as Martha well knows. She resolves to give Cranston his freedom. . . . But Gerrish is still active. Using a key of which Martha knows nothing, he slips into her apartment, drinks himself into a state of frenzy, and—as Martha looks on terror-stricken—falls dead! . . . Cranston arrives. He listens to the girl's story, believes it. Something, he knows, must be done at once. But what? He has an inspiration. Presently (in answer to Cranston's frantic phone call) Peter Baxter, a young doctor, arrives. He, too, is in love with Martha; and, understanding what has occurred, he is glad to do what Cranston suggests: Remove Gerrish's body (with Cranston's assistance) to his office and inform the authorities that the man, a victim of acute alcoholism, had died there. . . .

The stratagem is successful. Only one person is suspicious: one Ansted, Gerrish's valet. The man attempts to blackmail Martha—and fails. A reporter, however, ferrets out much of the story, and Martha is summoned to police headquarters. There—with Baxter and Cranston both striving to protect her—she tells everything she knows. Released, she finds the newspapers shrieking her name in lurid headlines. And, to her dismay, she is notified that she must vacate her apartment! . . . Cranston calls on Martha. He is informed that she has gone away suddenly, leaving no forwarding address. As he reënters his car, Ansted steps forward. "I've got you covered," the man whispers. "I want fifty thousand dollars!" Whereupon, Cranston knocks him down—and drives away. . . .

Meanwhile, Martha has made her plans, is carrying them out. A Mrs. Gray of Blairsport, Michigan, needs a governess for her daughter. Through an employment agency, Martha (calling herself "Clara Tranter") obtains the position. Then, with her employer, she boards a train, starts west. "Martha Blaisdell's life is ended," she muses, little dreaming of what lies before her.

XI

CRANSTON telephoned Johnson Pelley on Monday but the lawyer had heard nothing from Martha. He called on the man on Tuesday, telephoned again on Wednesday and called again on Thursday, but the attorney still had not heard from his runaway client. Cranston alternated between moods of black despair and violent rage. In the one mood life didn't seem worth living without Martha; in the second life didn't seem worth living with her. How dared she treat him so badly? How could she inflict such suffering on the man for whom she professed to care? If she was deliberately trying to kill his love for her she was certainly succeeding. Then rage would pass and hopelessness would enter upon its brief reign, and he would tell himself that nothing could ever kill his love for her.

Letty telephoned him daily from Bar Harbor; Trudie called him up at least twice a day to urge him to come out to Green Point. But he preferred not to face people. Save for his visits to Pelley he didn't leave his house until Friday.

On that morning Letty telephoned him. She hated to bother him, and it was the sort of thing she knew that a man hated to do, and she didn't suppose his seeing the woman would do a bit of good anyway, but would he be an angel brother and call on Agatha Detwiler and look over the cook that Agatha wanted to send to Letty? No, Agatha didn't usually supply cooks, but Letty was desperate; Sim was such a *pig* about his food, and they'd never been satisfied since Marianna left them to get married, and Letty was sick of the ordinary agencies and she had appealed to Agatha, and Agatha said she had the most perfect . . .

"If you'll just stop talking," Cranston managed to intervene. "I could have seen the woman by now and you would have saved a month's salary in telephone toll."

Letty giggled.

"Sim says I break down resistance and I'm glad to have his opinion confirmed. Why don't you come down over the week-end?"

"I think I'd better stay here," he replied.

"No word yet?"

"None."

"You poor darling. Don't you bother with the cook. You have enough on your mind."

He smiled.

"I'll see about your cook. Maybe I'll come down next week."

"Bless you," said Letty, and hung up.

HE HAD found it impossible to get to sleep much before dawn these unhappy nights, so that he didn't awake until after ten. Letty's phone call had come through just as his eyes opened, and it was now after ten-thirty. The cook would be at Agatha Detwiler's at noon, so he bathed and shaved leisurely, breakfasted lightly, and managed to kill time with the papers until a quarter to twelve. Once he picked up the telephone to call Johnson Pelley, but the attorney had yesterday assured him for the tenth time that he would notify Cranston the very instant he heard from Martha, and Cranston felt diffident about bothering Pelley again.

He looked up Agatha Detwiler's business address in the phone book and decided to walk to the employment agency on Fifth Avenue. And on the way he almost bumped into Millie Cragin as she emerged from a hat shop.

The pretty blonde detained him.

"Now, don't desert me, Herbie," she pleaded. "I'm to meet Jinny Gerardie for luncheon at one and I've nearly an hour to kill. If I'm left to my own devices I'll simply go shopping and put a strain on what remains of the Cragin fortune. So take me somewhere and save me from my own extravagance."

Cranston smiled at her. He had thought of Millicent frequently during the past few days and had found that he had acquired a respect for her. Her courageous frankness in Peter Baxter's office made him like her more than he ever had before.

"Where can a man take a girl at noon on a late August day?" he demanded. "Besides, I have things to do. Important things. I have to interview a cook

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Is that fair to me?" he asked. "It's because I want to be fair to you that I hesitate now," she replied

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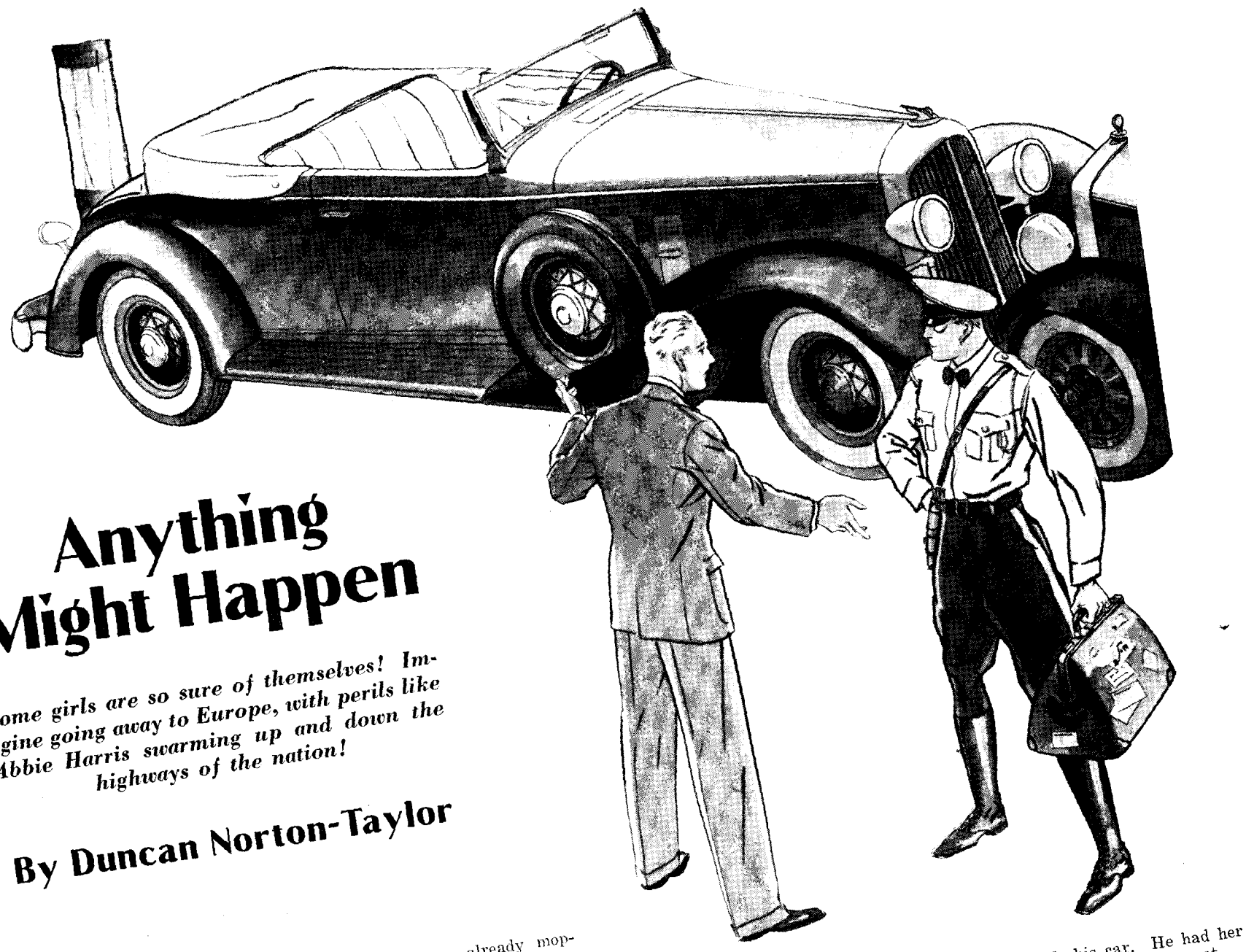

Anything Might Happen

Some girls are so sure of themselves! Imagine going away to Europe, with perils like Abbie Harris swarming up and down the highways of the nation!

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

THE man in the gray tweed suit came into the lunch wagon like a gust of the fall wind that was swirling along the state highway outside, and sat down on a stool. Abbie Harris, perched on an adjoining stool, moved her plate of ham and eggs to give him more room. She noticed with a quick upward glance of her brown eyes that he was hatless, his blond hair disheveled, his face ruddy with the wind, and scowling. She could see his car outside, a black roadster with a Maryland license.

He called to the counterman at the other end of the wagon, "Cup of coffee and a cruller," and drummed on the counter. He had thick, square fingers. He was a large man with wide shoulders and he hunched, sitting awkwardly on the little round stool. His eyes darted around the wagon and came to rest on a clock back of the griddle.

Abbie looked at the clock too; it said nine-thirty. She would be back in New York shortly after noon, and Luella would breathe a sigh of relief. Luella had written: "Get back here before it's dark. Anything might happen to an infant like you driving alone over those roads."

The counterman slid a cup of steaming coffee across to the man in the tweed suit, who took a gulp, looked stricken, and set the cup down on the edge of the saucer. It capsized and Abbie jumped off her stool just in time to avoid a brown flood.

"Oh, gosh—I'm sorry!" The man stood up. His blue eyes were dismayed. He really had a boyish face. "It was scalding," he tried to explain. "I didn't realize how—"

"None of it touched me," Abbie said. The counterman was already mopping it up. Abbie moved to another stool. The man sat down again, ate a cruller and washed it down with a glass of milk.

"I hope that really didn't get on your clothes," he said concernedly.

"It didn't."

For an instant their eyes met. He smiled briefly. She was a slim, dark-haired girl with wide brown eyes, in a polo coat and brimmed sports hat. He dropped a quarter on the counter and hurried out, his face fixed again in that scowling expression.

She saw the black roadster lunge off toward Philadelphia, and saw the man in the tweed suit glance back once down the highway before he vanished from her sight.

SHE lit a cigarette and went out to the old brown coupé which she and her sister Luella had bought despite the large financial obligation. Its baggage compartment gaped with suitcases. One small black bag, covered with the foreign hotel labels of a junket she had taken after college, stuck out farther than the rest and Pop had trussed it on with a length of clothesline; it seemed secure. It contained half a dozen broilers. That was Luella's idea. "Bring back some of Pop's chickens, baby, and we'll have a decent dinner." Luella, who wouldn't think of leaving New York, put in her spare time in their inadequate kitchenette sentimentally and messily cooking Southern dishes.

Abbie climbed in. Tomorrow she'd be at Gandel's in the women's wear. She had had a good two weeks' vacation back home in Virginia, but a woman had to work or get married. "Married —nix!" Luella said. Abbie hadn't thought much about it. She was getting old too—twenty-two next April.

She had crossed Philadelphia and was over Camden bridge by ten o'clock. She had just left the outskirts of Camden, rounding a sharp curve, when she saw the Maryland roadster again. It had swerved to the edge of the road and stopped perilously close to the soft shoulder. The driver was changing a front wheel. Apparently he had blown out a tire. But she forgot him soon after in a minor catastrophe of her own.

It was near Burlington. She heard a shout behind her and peered back to see a boy in overalls, whom she had just passed, pointing at her car. She stopped and got out. The boy in overalls was still pointing. She looked at the baggage compartment. One of the suitcases was about to fall out. The broken end of a dangling rope told what had happened. The black bag was gone.

Abbie gazed in consternation down the highway. The boy in overalls was watching her stolidly. There was no sign of the black bag. Hopefully, she decided to go back a ways.

She had tied up the broken ends of the clothesline when she heard the drone of a car coming at high speed. She looked back. It was the Maryland roadster. The man in the tweed suit was bent over the wheel. She was standing on her running board as he swept by with a noise like a sharp, gigantic gasp. His top was down and she had a clear view inside his car. He had her bag. It was next to him on the seat.

It was instinctive for Rabbit Stein to be cautious, so he had first gazed up and down the road and over the fence into the cornfield beyond, and then, seeing that the girl in the coupé was out of sight, had scooped up the bag. Rabbit had left Philadelphia that morning. He had been trudging along, broke on account of the horses, his bullet head in a white linen cap thrust forward, his hands in the empty pockets of his blue serge trousers. The coupé had rumbled by him and the black bag had dropped off almost at his feet.

It might be a break after the Philly cops getting wise to his racket and turning on the heat. He was dying to open the bag, but the road along here was too open and the girl in the coupé might come back.

HE HAD come to a fork in the highway when a car stopped behind him with screaming brakes. It was a roadster with a Maryland license. The driver was studying the signs. Rabbit inquired, "You goin' to New York? Gimme a lift, mister?"

The driver, a young man with a scowling face, nodded, and Rabbit pulled himself inside, sighed, and sat down with the black bag hugged on his lap.

They traveled at a speed which fitted in with Rabbit's desire to put miles between him and the heat in Philly. His only fear was that they might pick up one of these Jersey state cops. And

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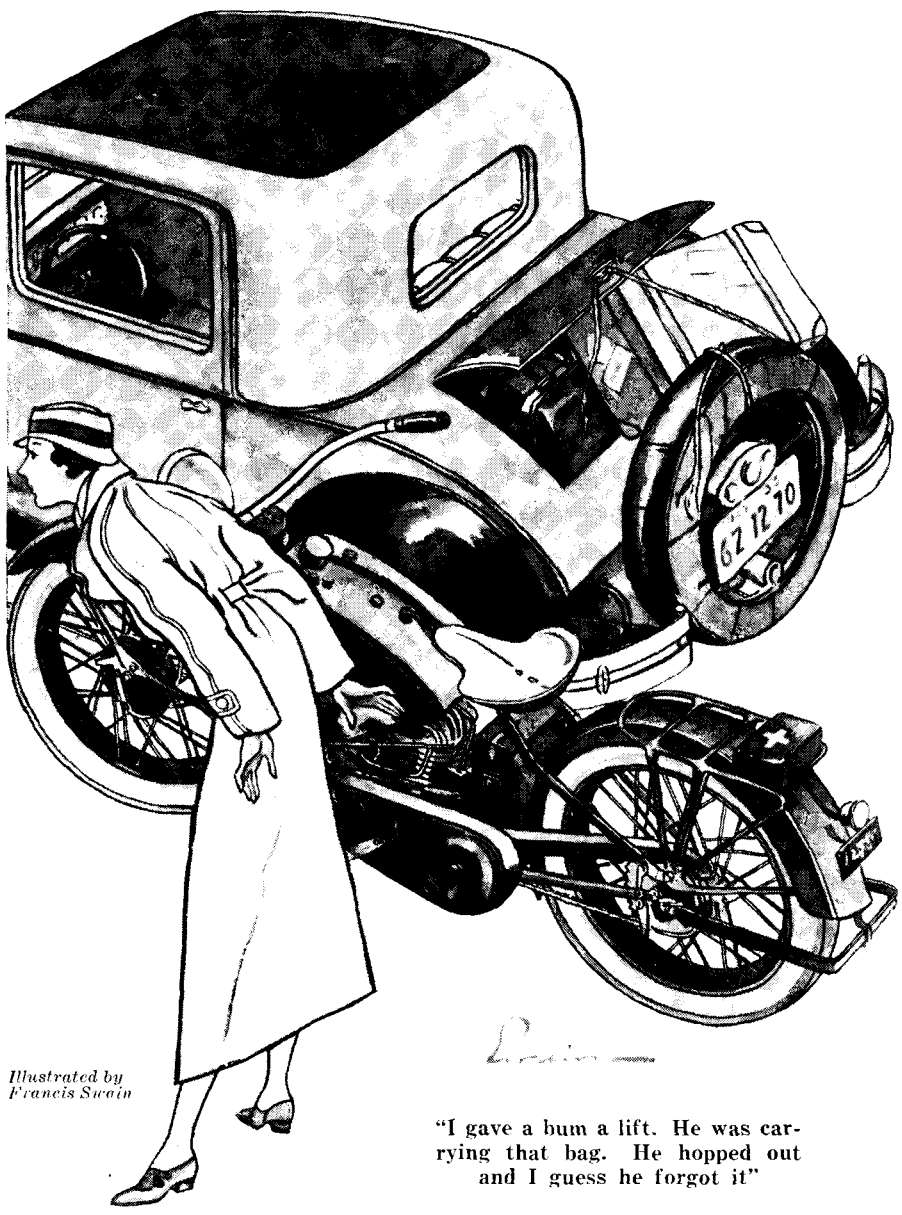

Illustrated by Francis Swain

"I gave a bum a lift. He was carrying that bag. He hopped out and I guess he forgot it"

coincidentally, the driver said, "Keep your eyes out for troopers."

Rabbit peered at the young man more closely. He saw a mouth that was set in a grim line, and intent, bloodshot eyes. Rabbit had a sick feeling. It came to him that this bird was on the lam. Maybe he had just taken over one of these small-town banks or something. It was a Maryland car. Maybe he had pulled something in Maryland.

"You go slow," Rabbit pleaded. "Don't take no chances on cops."

"Just keep your eye out," the young man muttered. "I'm going to open her up."

They shot ahead, and Rabbit, pale, sat half twisted around, his eyes darting back and forth from the road behind to the dizzy vista leaping at them ahead. The crazy ape was knocking off about eighty miles.

"Take it easy!" Rabbit howled. "The cops'll hear you all over the state."

If they got picked up the cops would hang this baby's jobs on him too. It was probably even a hot car. And they'd find out he was wanted in Philly.

They were approaching a town now. Ahead, suspended over the main street, was a traffic light showing red. They came to a grinding stop, and Rabbit turned to stone. A large policeman was sauntering toward them. The red light had not yet changed. Rabbit looked desperately around and then acted. He jumped out. The driver, astonished, saw Rabbit vanish down an alley.

The policeman went across the street to a post in front of the bank, where it was more comfortable in the sun, and the driver ground his gears into high and went on alone, hardly noticing, so preoccupied was he with a problem of his own, the abandoned black bag in the seat beside him.

ABBIE acted on angry impulse. She started in pursuit. The Maryland car could run away from her on a straightaway, but if he got stuck in a traffic snarl in one of the towns she might catch him. She was indignant!

Her speedometer raced past sixty. She had only a brief glimpse of the roadster on a long straight stretch, and then it disappeared.

She wished she had got his license number. There had been a desperate expression on his face. He might be a gangster. Luella said that some of them were quite decent-looking and boyish and didn't seem like criminals at all. He ought to be in jail. He must have seen her bag in the road and just grabbed it. Where were the cops? You always saw plenty of cops when you didn't want to.

She was suddenly aware then that the staccato roar she had been hearing the last minute or so was not her own engine but the motorcycle of a blue-uniformed Jersey trooper who was just drawing alongside. She pulled up at the side of the road.

He gazed at her reprovingly, a goggled man with a solemn expression.

"Sixty-seven!" he said. "You'll break your neck in that little heap."

Abbie said breathlessly, "I'm chasing a crook. He stole my bag. I had it in the back. It fell off. A man picked it up. I saw it in his car when he went by. A black roadster. I don't know the number, but it's a Maryland license. The man has a gray suit and he isn't wearing an overcoat or a hat."

"Well." The trooper's face didn't change.

"It's true." She looked at him with anxious brown eyes. "Can't we catch him? I want my bag. He has no right to steal my bag."

The trooper, looking into Abbie's eyes, was suddenly impressed. He considered. "A Maryland license. He'll probably stick to the main highway because he don't know any others. There's a cut-off down here over a five-mile stretch of bad road that comes in again this side of 23—"

The trooper pushed his machine into the middle of the road and sputtered off.

She turned into the same road he took a mile farther along. She was making sixty and keeping him in sight. The road was dirt, pitted with holes. The coupé rocked and bucked along.

To the west was the longer main route. The man in the tweed suit had to go that way and get through several towns, unless he knew this road too; then they would never catch him.

At last she could see ahead where they came into the main highway. She saw the trooper slow down, look back, and then turn right. He must figure that their man had already gone through.

THEN Abbie's heart leaped. Part of the main road, on her left, was visible through a patch of woods. And there he was. He had just swung in behind an abandoned roadstand and Abbie had a flashing glimpse of him in his tweed suit leaning out and gazing after the trooper's receding motorcycle.

Triumphantly she turned sharp onto the highway, with her hand on her horn, cut left around the roadstand, and collided none too gently into the roadster's front bumper.

She had him trapped. She kept her hand on the horn.

He waved at her threateningly and shouted something. He suddenly backed sharply. Abbie closed up the space and there was a small crash. He had backed against a telephone pole. He jumped out of his car then, and ran toward her.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted. "What's the idea?"

Abbie jumped out too and faced him angrily. "Give me my bag."

She had a sudden, terrifying uncertainty about how desperate he might be. He had recognized her. "What's the idea?" he shouted again.

"You give me my bag."

She heard the thunder of a motorcycle. It was the trooper. He had heard her horn, as she had hoped, and had turned back.

He dropped off his machine and strode up to the man in the tweed suit, one hand hovering near the revolver that swung on his hip. Abbie stood with her heart in her throat.

"Are you the guy with the lady's bag?"

"I don't want the bag," the man shouted. "She can have it. I thought it was the bum's. He left it. Here—" He started over to his car.

"Hold it!" shouted the trooper.

Abbie drew back. She hated guns.

"It's in the car," the man explained.

"I'll get it." The trooper walked slowly over to the roadster, backed around the man, who looked as though he were about to leap, reached in and drew out Abbie's black bag.

"That's it," said Abbie.

"Take it," said the man. "I gave a bum a lift. He was carrying that bag. He hopped out and I guess he forgot it."

"Let's see your license," said the trooper.

"I haven't got any license. I haven't got anything. I left my wallet in my topcoat."

"Driving without a license. I suppose your registration card's in your wallet too."

The man nodded.

"What's your name?"

"Martin Barron."

Martin Barron. An alias, probably, Abbie thought.

"Get in your car and come on back to Milltown."

"Officer, listen—I've got to get to New York."

"G'wan, get in your car." The trooper turned to Abbie. "Do you mind coming back? We might want you to make a charge."

A STOLID lieutenant behind a high desk at the state trooper station in Milltown inquired boredly, "What's the matter, Steve?"

"The charge is driving without a license, Lieutenant, no registration card, maybe grand larceny of the car he was in—"

"Can't you just take my name and address?" the man in the tweed suit interrupted.

"He acts as though he might have a record," the trooper went on, "and the young lady says he swiped her bag."

"Can't you just take my name now—"

"He says his name's Barron."

"That's right. I'm Martin Barron, of Barron and Son, Car and Foundry, Baltimore. I've got to get to New York—"

The lieutenant shrugged. "We gotta hold you and your car. How do we know you own the car if you can't show us a registration card?"

"Call the foundry. They'll identify me."

Abbie had withdrawn to a bench against the wall, and sat there watching the man who said he was Martin Barron. He was a tall man. She wondered if large blond men got florid and flabby in middle age. The lieutenant was lifting the receiver of his phone, one cold eye on Martin Barron, who backed away, paced around the room, and finally sat down next to Abbie.

"Why are you waiting?" he asked.

"I don't know. I'm just curious to know whether you're a liar or not."

"Do I look like one?"

"Not particularly."

He laughed mirthlessly, took out a cigarette case and passed it to her. They smoked in silence.

"I hope I didn't get you in a mess," she said.

"Oh, no—! I didn't mean to say it that way. Hell—" He gazed into Abbie's eyes, which were wide with sympathy, and looked nervously up at a clock on the wall. "If I can get out of here—I can make it yet—"

The lieutenant was mumbling into the phone. He listened with an inscrutable face, and finally said "O. K.," and hung up.

"I'm not making any charge," Abbie informed him.

The lieutenant looked at Martin Barron. "It's all right then, but you'll have to come back and be arraigned for driving without a license and no registration card. It's O. K. with me if you don't want to be arraigned now—"

"I'll come back."

The lieutenant wrote out a summons. "Ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Martin Barron rushed out the door. Abbie walked after him. She got out to

(Continued on page 39)

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Up we Go!

By Don Marquis

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY
THE COCKROACH

may fifteen nineteen
thirty three started climbing
mount everest early this morning
met the maharajah of nepal one hundred feet up
greetings old feather duster said i
that is not a feather duster he said
that is
stop i cried dont you tell me
that is your wife
that is my beard he said
i accept the apology i said
quick as a flash
may sixteen at one thousand feet
i met an avalanche coming down
as i was going up
we compromised and this morning
i am starting all over again
dancing on the avalanche
as it skidded towards sea level
were two strange figures
prancing on their hind legs
whom i identified as the dalai lama
and mehitabel the cat
they were singing in part as follows
oh the lama here
is a son of a gun
and mehitabel once
was a hindu nun
skip skip my himalaya honey
the rarefied air
of the mountain side
has completely withered
the lamas pride
hike hike my himalaya honey
if the bottoms of the hills
were placed at the top
when we wanted to go up
wed merely have to drop
drill drill my himalaya honey
may seventeen oh lord
the maharajah of nepal
is following me with a squirt gun
full of insect poison
here comes another avalanche

archy

▲ ▼ ▲

The New Beer goes down very well at the moment; but I have experienced (after several recent moments) a slight, lingering acidity after it has gone down. In this respect the New Beer reminds me of what so many of us were calling the New Freedom just a few years ago.

On warm and lovely days like these
I long to be a whale
Swimming through the amber seas
Composed of beer and ale.

THIS seems to be an era of little Cæsars: Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy, Stalin in Russia, and the thews of all of them, braided together, would not have the force and weight of one little finger of the great Caius Julius, who had more statesmanship in the midst of one of his epileptic fits than the rest of them with both feet on the ground and their hats on straight.

German students who are Hitler supporters agree to help "purify" German literature by destroying all books by Jewish authors. It seems as if Solomon's proverbs and David's psalms, not to mention a few other famous books of the Old Testament, might be excepted without any danger of a corrupting mental influence—indeed, possibly with some mental benefit. I should think various fanatics the world around would get tired of persecuting the Jewish people; the ultimate result is always to strengthen, solidify and extend the influence of the Jewish intellect. The Jewish mind has been sharpened against the grindstones of persecution for many, many centuries—it has indeed worn out numerous grindstones—and its most bigoted enemies have been in the long run vastly beneficial to its quality; it is precisely the people who have made things hard for the Jewish people who have made the Jewish people strong and enduring.

▲ ▼ ▲

BERNARD SHAW said about America practically what everyone expected him to say, his views concerning this country having been fairly well-known for some time. And the newspapers said of him about what they were expected to say, not treating him, I thought, very fairly. And that is that, and the world remains, so far as I can see, very much as it was before.

Some of the papers said he was dull and tiresome and bored his radio audience. To me he was neither dull nor tiresome; and the applause which came over the radio when he spoke testified that he was not boring the people who had the privilege of listening to him face to face. It had the appearance of the New York papers having "ganged up" against him; but possibly he expected that, too, and was not greatly impressed by it. Nobody needs to defend Shaw, nor answer for him; he can take care of himself in any circumstances, and delights in doing it.

Ranjitsinhji Vibhaji, Maharajah Jamsaheb of Nawanagar, died recently, and if you want to write an elegiac ode for him, I will lend you all my rhyming dictionaries.

When a man tells you that he got rich through hard work, ask him: "Whose?"

Matrimony should be a game of skill as well as a game of chance.

Wooden Leg His Bank—*headline.*
Glad somebody somewhere has good financial underpins.

Science has always been too dignified to invent a good back-scratcher.

"One cannot eat one's cake and keep it too"—said the steward on a winter crossing.

Overturning governments in South America may not usher in any great economic reforms, but it seems to give the overturners a great deal of personal satisfaction.

If you haven't time enough to do what you know you should do, don't get discouraged. Take eternity.

One cannot remain angry at Humanity when one reflects how pathetic it is.

An artist should delineate what he sees. What he sees will be determined by what he is.

Gigolo will barter trade secrets and excellent business prospect (elderly widow) for one-way ticket three thousand miles in any direction.

Sophistication is becoming so general, and so much earlier in its development, generation after generation, that in another dozen years the baby's milk teeth will be sour by the time he has cut them.

Chicago school-teachers, busted, starving in some instances, shabby, were clubbed when they asked for a bit of the back pay owing to them. Will those teachers now have the guts to do some real teaching . . . show their pupils the direct connection between political graft, the existence of special privilege in any form and communal bankruptcy?

Why not base our currency upon something stable like the equator? It's always in the same place and always about the same temperature.

Living on nothing a year is a special gift. Some of us couldn't do it on twice that.

At present writing, what the New Beer seems to need is a little more age and responsibility.

One of the most pathetic comedies of life is two fat men promising to help each other take a little more exercise.

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

This seems to be an era of little Cæsars; all of them, braided together, would not have the force of one little finger of the great Caius Julius

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CHEVROLET

A pleasant time was had by all— FOR VERY LITTLE MONEY

"Better than 200 miles without a stop. What's my share of the gas bill?"

"Forget it. We didn't use enough to make it worth while to split the cost."

"Fisher coachwork and full-length springs certainly make a difference in comfort."

"Right you are—but save some of the credit for this smooth, quiet Chevrolet engine, too."

"I'm certainly glad we've got a Chevrolet. Nothing spoils a vacation quicker than having to stop for repairs."

SUPPOSE you have only a few dollars in your pocket, but a great big urge in your heart to go new places, see new people, get away from things. All right, *step into a Chevrolet and go!* Shortage of cash doesn't ever seem to worry *this* smart and sprightly six. You can depend on it to take you where you please, and bring you home *on less money*—than any other full-size car would cost you for the same mileage. And oh, what a lot of pleasure you and your whole gay party will have on the journey! With 70-miles-an-hour action to furnish plenty of thrills. Brisk, lively pick-up to add a few thrills more. A cushion-balanced engine to kill annoying vibration. Long, easy-action springs to make *all* roads seem smooth. Free wheeling for coasting and effortless shifting. Fisher Ventilation to keep everybody cool. Yes—and the keen satisfaction, every thrilling mile, that the world is looking on in admiration. And that your pocketbook is smiling—with approval—too!

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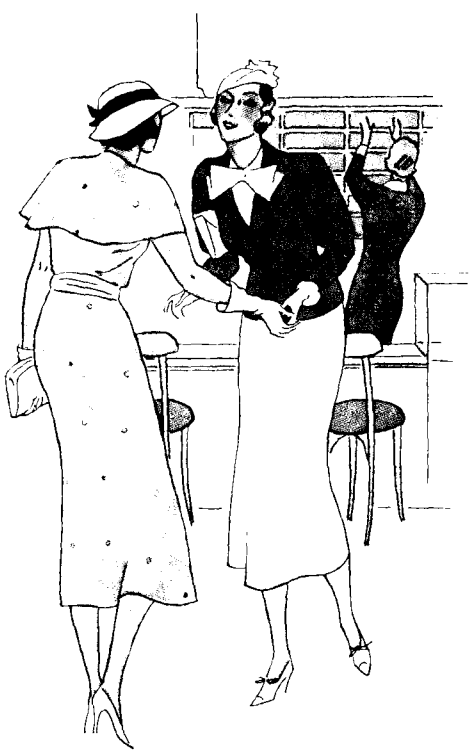

"I must show you my new car. It's the smartest thing on wheels."

"Must be a new Chevrolet. That's the car that catches my eye."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

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Henrietta the Eighth

By Rupert Hughes

If you have a little Haidee in your household, accept our felicitations. Young things like her are a lot of fun—and perfectly safe so long as there's a telephone handy

IF THE eighteen years that had passed over her pretty forehead had been eighty, her brows could hardly have been knotted in more torment and alarm or her eyes filled with more anguish. The world was all agog for Haidee Scudder. It usually was. It had begun with her parents. They never appreciated her. They had even named her Ida. And they persisted in calling her "Idie" even after she had changed her name to the far more appropriate Haidee.

Haidee was one who would make tragedy of everything possible. Not the least of her tragedies was the failure of her parents to respond to the terrific importance of her excitements. But they had seen so many of them, and they found a sameness in them that never appeared to Haidee, to whom each was something new and so unbearably hopeless that it was final. Never had there been such a crisis in her affairs as that of this moment and it only partly concerned the book she clenched in her hand and held fast against her breast as she implored her mother:

"Mamma, would you help me? Tonight of all nights I've got to have a clear head. I've simply got to get myself ready for the exam tomorrow. It's the last one, thank heavens, and I *must not fail*. Wouldn't you please make Jimmie quit whistling through his teeth? And tell Nettie to quit practicing those awful scales on that awful piano? And would you ask Papa to please—please! for hem's sakes!—turn off that ghastly radio for a while? And if anybody calls me on the telephone or comes to the door I'm out, or sick, or dead or something—unless it's George Ames. I'll speak to him, of course."

HER mother sighed: "Idie—well, Haidee, then—will you please, please calm down a little? You act as if you were going into a conniption fit or something."

"But, Mamma, it's horribly important; my last chance to bone up for the final exam tomorrow. If I pass it I've finished that unbearable high school, and I can begin life. It's the English history exam and I'm so flustered I don't know Henry the Great from Alfred the Eighth or Magna Charta from Maggie Rooney. And, Mamma, won't you please help me? All you have to do is to ask me a few questions and tell me if I give the right answers."

"How could I tell? I never did know much. I've forgotten more than I ever knew."

"The answers are right here in the back of the book. And here are the questions at the end of the chapters. Just ask me the questions and don't give me the answers till I ask for them. But first, for heaven's sakes, get the house quiet."

Mrs. Scudder seemed to toss her eyes like marbles into the air, but she rose wearily, went into the living-room and began on the other children:

"Jimmie, I suppose there's no use telling you to quit whistling through your teeth. I declare, I've half a mind to take you to the dentist and have them all pulled out. Go on out on the porch or somewhere. You're glad enough to stay out when I want you in. And, Nettie, come away from that piano. You're driving me mad. Why will you never practice your scales except when they drive everybody mad? And, Will," this to her husband, "you can turn off the radio for a little while, can't you? Idie has to get her history examination studied up for."

The husband growled, "Oh, Lord, can't you wait till I finish—"

"You can hear the same old jokes tomorrow night — next week — or next year. It's Idie's last chance to study for the final of the finals. And if anybody asks for her at the door—or telephone—tell 'em she's out. And that's no lie, for she is out—of her mind."

Haidee's voice broke through: "If George Ames calls, though, I'm in. I want to talk to George."

"ALL right," groaned the mother. "Oh, all right," echoed the father. And the house was hushed. Haidee seated herself for cross-examination; her mother sat down and interleaved her fingers at various places in the text book. She began at random:

"How many wives did Henry VIII have?"

Haidee was far away in some reverie and the question had to be repeated: "I say, how many wives did Henry VIII have?"

"Speaking of wives, Mamma, what would you say if I got married when—if—I pass these finals?"

"I'd say you were a bigger fool than I thought you were. Let's get on. How many eights did Henry have?"

"But you were only eighteen when you married Papa."

"The more fool I."

"Oh, Mamma, don't! If you hadn't married Papa then you wouldn't have had me."

"Will you or will you not tell me how many Henrys did eight have?"

"George Ames said that he could take a job in his father's lumber yard and we could get married right away."

"Then he's a bigger fool than I thought he was, and that's saying a lot. You two imbeciles oughtn't to think of getting married for years and years. How many—"

"Oh, Mamma, don't say years! I can't breathe when George is out of my sight for a whole day. I thought I'd die when he took those examinations for Annapolis."

"How'd he come out?"

"He hasn't heard yet. Oh, I hope he didn't pass. He may hear any minute. But he said last night that, even if he did get the appointment, he'd rather give it up and marry me than be all the admirals in the navy."

"Any boy that's as crazy as that—why, it wouldn't be safe to marry him."

"But, Mamma, we love each other."

"Love, pooh! If you love him so much I should think you'd rather have him in the navy than in that lumber yard."

"But if he went to Annapolis it would be four years—four centuries! And after that they don't let them marry for two years. Six years, Mamma! I couldn't stand it! I'd perish! I'd die! I'd kill myself!"

Her mother had heard so many threats of suicide and early death that she was unable to rise to the appropriate

(Continued on page 29)

Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.

"Speaking of wives, Mamma, what would you say if I got married?"

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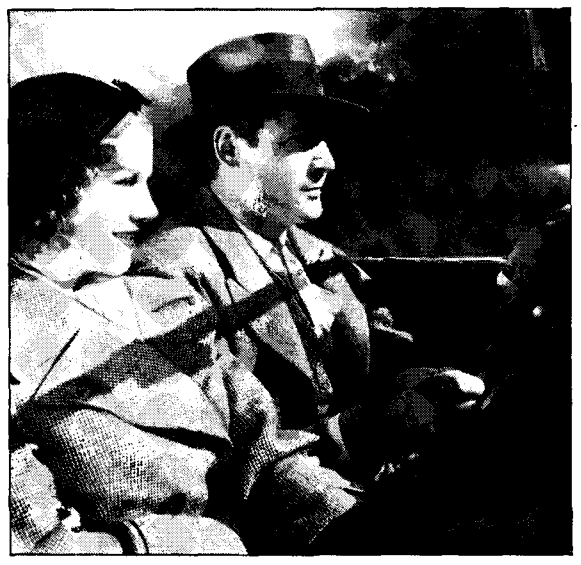
CHARLES FARRELL & GINGER ROGERS

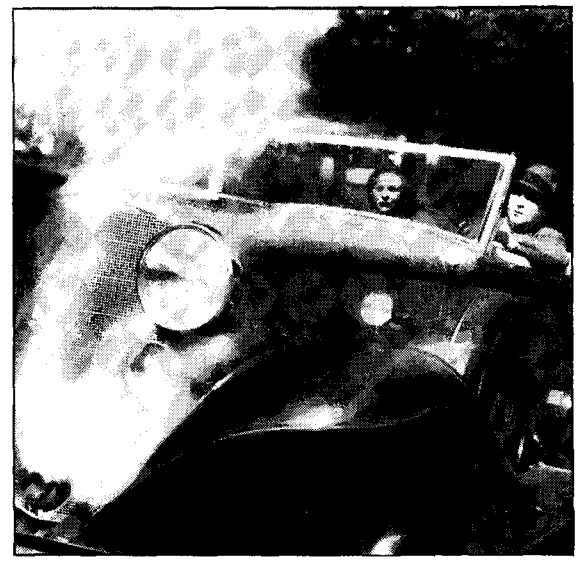
in a Mobiloil Movie..

"Made for Speed"

1 GINGER: "That's swell news! Got to get there in a hurry? We can use my car — she'll do seventy. You come right over now."

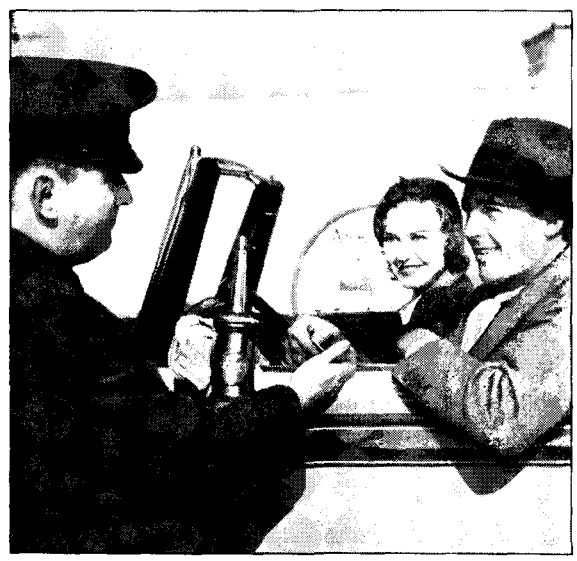


2 CHARLIE: "It's a big order. If we can get there in time, the Boss said it would mean a nice piece of money for me. We'd be all set to get married."



3 CHARLIE: "She's steaming! Didn't you have water put in when you got oil yesterday? We'd better pull into a filling station and find out what's up."

4 DEALER: "Your oil's almost all gone. That's the way with these cheap oils. They break down and use up fast. You ought to use Mobiloil."



5 CHARLIE: "So we just missed a repair bill! Well, it's Mobiloil from now on. What's 30¢ for Mobiloil compared to a bunged-up engine?"

6 CHARLIE: "We made it, honey! And what an order! It's wedding bells for us. But say — if we elope — be sure and have Mobiloil in that car!"

Today's speeds give oil double the beating it took 3 years ago. That's why you need Mobiloil. Ordinary oils break down. If you are using ordinary oil the chances are 10 to 1 you are paying more for oil per year than you would with Mobiloil at 30¢ a quart. In addition you risk expensive repairs and shortened car life.

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CORPORATION
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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 16

We mounted the many stone steps and reached the terrace. I saw a dim light shining out upon the pavement. The door was open.

"I left it open," said Nayland Smith, in a low voice. "I'll stay here. Send me the signal as soon as you are assured of your own safety." He grasped my hand hard. "Good luck! In half an hour . . ."

I stepped inside, looking swiftly right and left. The green lamp still burned at the end of the long corridor. And remembering who was sleeping there, I watched it lingeringly. Then I looked down the stairs, and I stood still, listening.

No one was in sight and there was not a sound audible. I pressed my finger upon the control button twice; the door closed. Then I began to descend the stairs.

Reaching the foot, I groped with my hand upon the panel which I knew concealed the door. Presently it responded, and, bathed in that dim violet light, I saw the great laboratory ahead of me.

It was empty.

I stepped forward—and the door closed behind me. I began to cross the rubber-covered floor, heading for Dr. Fu Manchu's study.

This was the supreme moment.

I was disposed to think that it was he, awakening, who had summoned me. I lost count of time as I stood before that blank wall, charging myself with cowardice, flogging my failing courage.

AT LAST I took the plunge . . . and the door opened.

He sat there like the mummy of Seti the First, upright in his throne. Opium still held him in its grasp. A jungle smell was mingling now with the poppy fumes, for the doors leading into the great palm house remained open.

So far I was safe.

I closed the first door, hurried to the second, and closed that also. I hadn't the courage to pause to adjust the gauge. I ran through the place, ducking to avoid overhanging branches, many of them flower-laden. And coming to the next door, I pulled up and listened.

There was no pursuit.

From thence onward I adjusted all the gauges, until, opening the final door, I stepped into the botanical research room, from which I had set out upon that memorable pilgrimage. . . .

Stock-still I pulled up on the threshold.

Fleurette stood there watching me!

"*Fleurette!*" I exclaimed.

She wore a silk wrap over her night attire; sandals on her slim brown feet. She watched me gravely.

"Fleurette! Who called me?"

"*I* called you."

"But—" I was astounded—"how did you know—?"

"I know most of the things that go on here," she returned calmly.

I moved nearer to her and looked at the dial close to which she was standing. My number—103—was registered upon it; and:

"How often did you call me?" I asked.

"Twice."

Her unmoving regard, in which there was an unpleasant question, began to disturb me.

My conception of her as a victim of the powerful and evil man who sought to destroy white civilization was entirely self-created. I remembered that she had been reared in this atmosphere from birth; and conscious of an unpleasant chill I realized that she, whom I had regarded as a partner in misfortune, an ally, might prove to be the means of my unmasking. I decided to be diplomatic.

"Yes—of course you called me twice," I replied.

The second call would have been taken by Nayland Smith! How would he have read it?

"Why didn't you come?" she asked. "Where were you?"

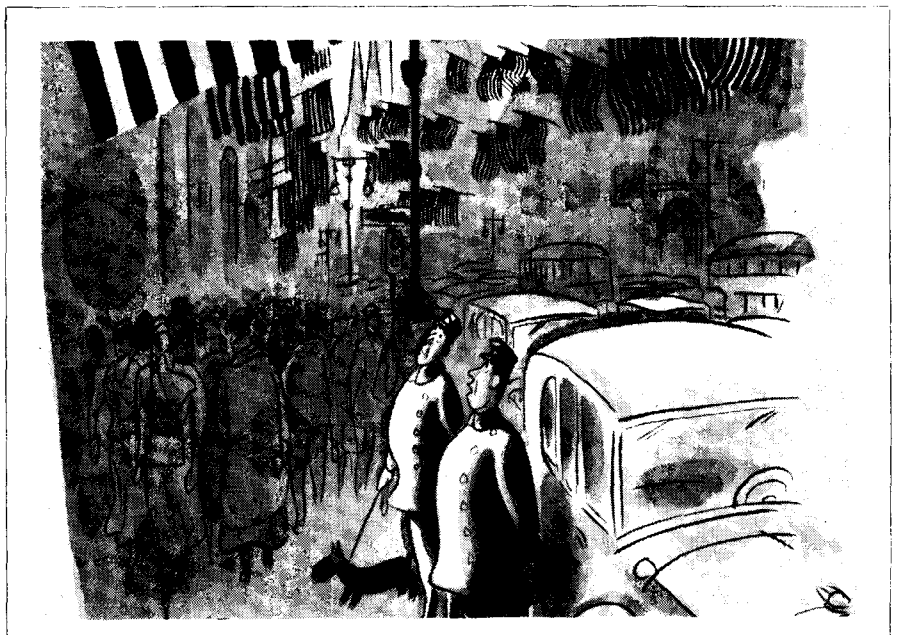
Her beautiful eyes were fixed upon me with a regard which I found almost terrifying. An hour before, an instant before, I would have met her gaze gladly, happily; but now—I wondered.

"I was in the palm house. I had never seen such trees. And, as you know, I am a botanist."

"But you were a long time coming," she insisted. "You are sure you were alone?"

As if a black cloud had lifted, I saw—or dared to hope that I saw—the truth in the regard of those sunset violet eyes. Or was it vanity, self-delusion again? But, moving nearer to her:

"Alone!" I echoed. "Who could be with me at this hour of the night?"



"It must be Flag Day or something!" *Robert Day*

And now at last, unfalteringly, I looked into her eyes.

"The princess is very beautiful," she said, in a low voice.

"The princess?"

I had no idea at the moment to whom she referred; but chaotically, delightfully, it was as I had dared to hope!

My sudden, wild passion for this exquisite, unattainable girl had not failed utterly of its objective. She was sufficiently interested to be jealous! And now, watching her, it dawned upon me to whom she referred.

"Do you mean Fah Lo Suee?"

She made a little grimace, and turned aside.

"I wondered why you had joined us," she murmured. "If she is Fah Lo Suee to you—I know. I was merely curious. Good night."

She turned and walked away.

"Fleurette!" I cried. "Fleurette!"

She did not look back.

I SPRANG forward, threw my arms around her and held her. Even so, she did not look back; she merely stood still. But my doubts, my diffidence, were gone: my heart was singing. . . .

She had given me that age-old sign which is woman's prerogative. The next move was mine. Revelation was so sudden, so wholly unexpected, that it swept me out of myself. To my shame I confess that, although vast issues hung in the balance, establishment of an understanding with Fleurette was the only thing in life at which at that moment I aimed.

"Fleurette!" I said, holding her tightly and bending close to her averted head, "that woman you call the princess I call Fah Lo Suee, because I was told that that was her name: I know her by no other. She means nothing more to me than I thought I meant to you. I had seen her once only in my life before I came here. . . ."

FLEURETTE turned quickly, and looked up at me.

Nothing, I think, short of sudden death, could have checked me then.

Raising my left hand to her shoulder, I twisted her about, so that I had her clasped in my arms. And stooping to those delicious, tremulous lips, I kissed her until we both were breathless.

One instantaneous moment there was of rebellion, and then such exquisite surrender that when presently she buried her lovely little head in my shoulder, I think there was in the whole world no happier man than I.

What she told me did not fully register at the time, nor, perhaps, were my questions those which Nayland Smith would have selected. Nevertheless, I learned much respecting this queer household of Dr. Fu Manchu.

I began to realize the greatness of the menace which he represented; because, through Fleurette, the knowledge came to me that many who served him loved him.

Perhaps, among the lower orders of his strange entourage, fear was his scepter. But, as I gathered—and I dared not speak a word to shatter that ideal—Fleurette's sentiments were those of profound respect.

Mahdi Bey, her guardian, had taught her to look upon the Chinese doctor as upon a man supreme among men. It was an honorable fate to be chosen by the prince who one day would rule the world—be its emperor. . . .

Fleurette had received a remarkable education, ranging from the icy peaks of sexless philosophy to which she had been taught to look up in a Buddhist monastery in the north of China, to the material feminism of a famous English school. Yet she remained completely human; for she lay in my arms whispering those replies to my eager questions!

She had not been denied the companionship of men, but always, in whichever part of the world she had chanced to find herself, had been constantly accompanied and never left alone in the society of others for more than those few minutes which Western social custom demands.

Fah Lo Suee, to whom she referred as "the princess," she distrusted, but evidently feared. Fah Lo Suee, it seemed, had partisans of her own among the many leaders of this mysterious movement which Fleurette called the Si-Fan. Regarding the political side of the organization, she clearly knew next to nothing. That a great war was pending in which Dr. Fu Manchu expected to overthrow all opposition, she was aware: the character of this war she did not seem even to suspect.

Without recourse to the Ericksen telephone, Dr. Fu Manchu was able to call her, she told me—and she was compelled to go to him.

He sometimes made her look into a disk in which strange images appeared. . . .

There were times—of which tonight was an instance—when his influence dropped from her—unaccountably; when she questioned the meaning of her life—and followed her own impulses. Those times, beyond doubt, although I did not tell her so, corresponded to the Doctor's bouts of opium-smoking.

"Why did you tell me to think of you as Derceto?"

Fleurette laughed, but not happily.

"Because you found me on the shore—and to love me meant destruction. . . ."

During the greater part of the telling of her strange story, she had lain in my arms—and there had been silent intervals. But at last I seemed to hear the crisp voice of Sir Denis demanding that I should put duty first. . . .

"*He* is here," said Fleurette. "Leave the door open; I will call if anyone comes."

AT THAT moment, as I crossed the threshold into a small, white bedroom, even Fleurette was forgotten. Petrie, pale as I had never seen him, his hair blanched as by the brushes of ten years, lay there, watching me!

There was a dull flush on his forehead, where the Purple Shadow had been.

"Petrie, old man!" I whispered—"Petrie! . . . Thank God!"

Had I not met other dead men in the house of Dr. Fu Manchu, this must have been a moment of stupefaction. . . .

He nodded weakly and smiled—the same patient smile which I knew—even extending his hand, which I grasped between both my own.

"This," I said, "is a miracle."

"I agree." His voice was very low. "I must have the constitution of a rattlesnake, Sterling. For I have not only survived the new plague—but an injection of the preparation known as 'Fu Manchu *Katalepsis*' or, briefly, '*F. Katalepsis*'."

"You *know* all this?"

"Yes; I even knew that you were here. But this is no time—"

He stopped, breathlessly, and I realized how weak he was.

"Don't tire yourself," I urged, grasping his shoulder. "Sir Denis is waiting for the news."

"Nayland Smith!" His eyes lighted up. "*He* is here?"

"Yes—standing by, outside."

Petrie clenched his teeth; closed his eyes. I recognized all that this news had meant to him; then:

"Give me that writing pad from the table, Sterling, and a pencil. *Quick!*"

(To be continued next week)

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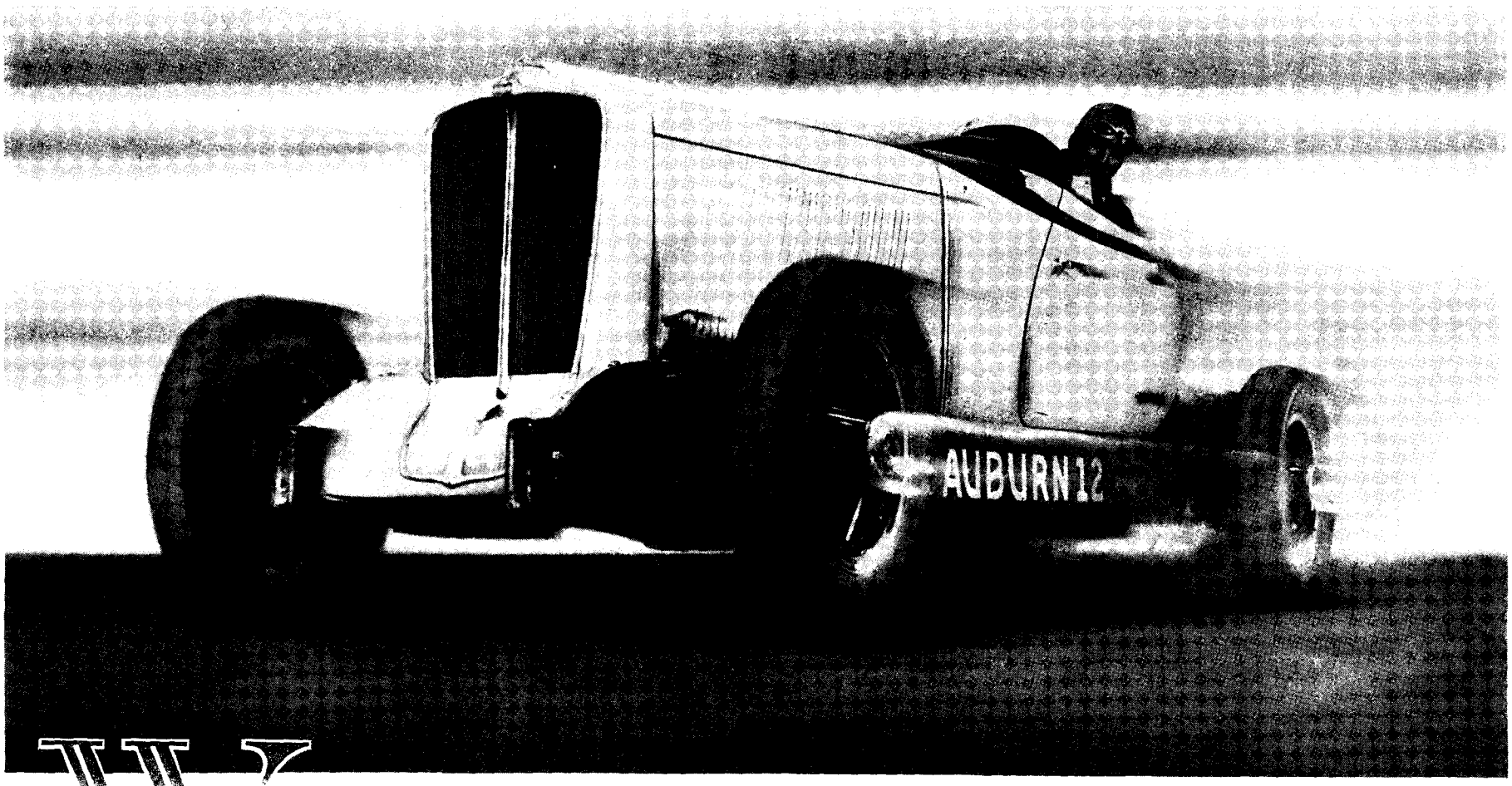

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This patented shape means Champion EXTRA RANGE performance. Look for it

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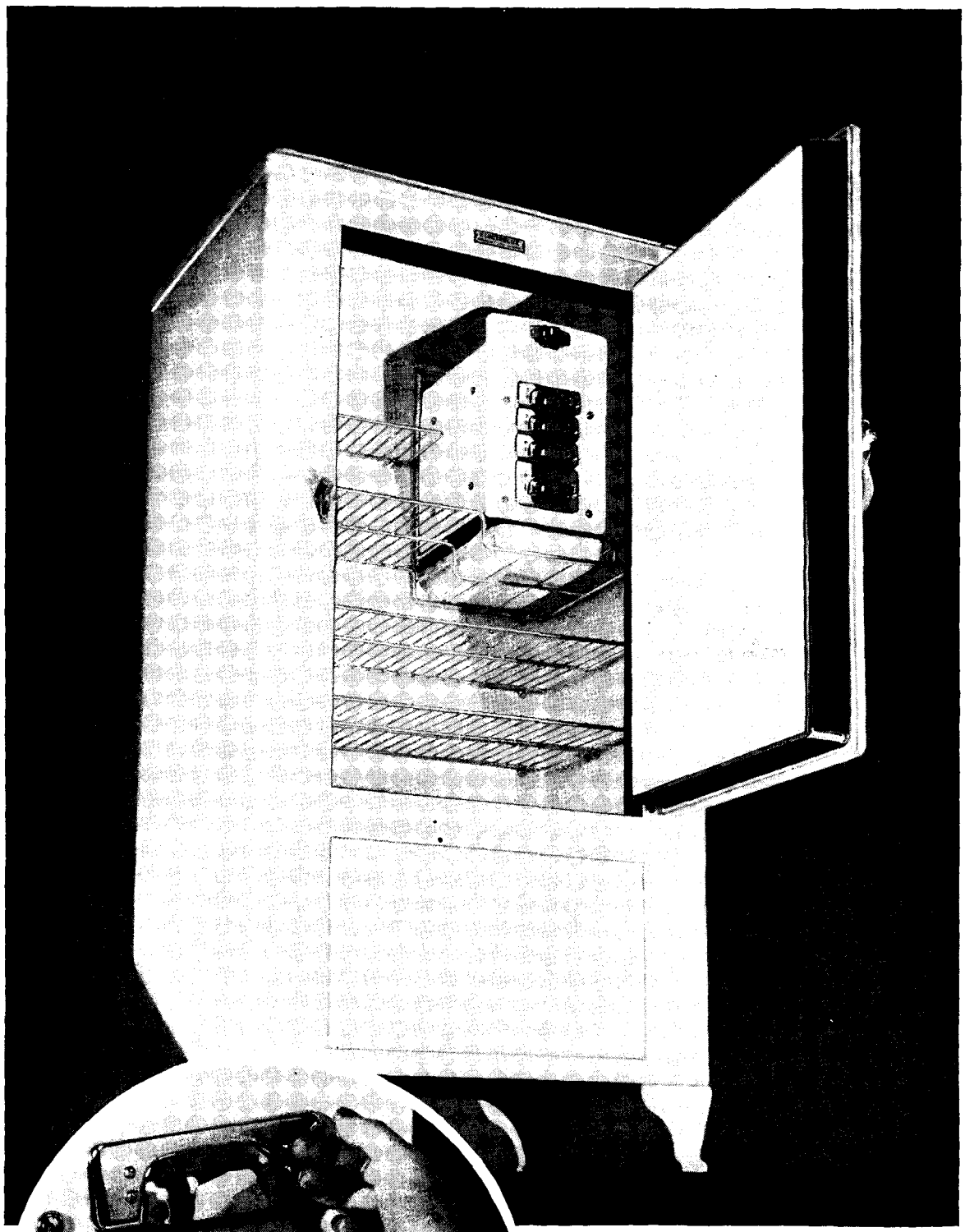

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Utter Silence

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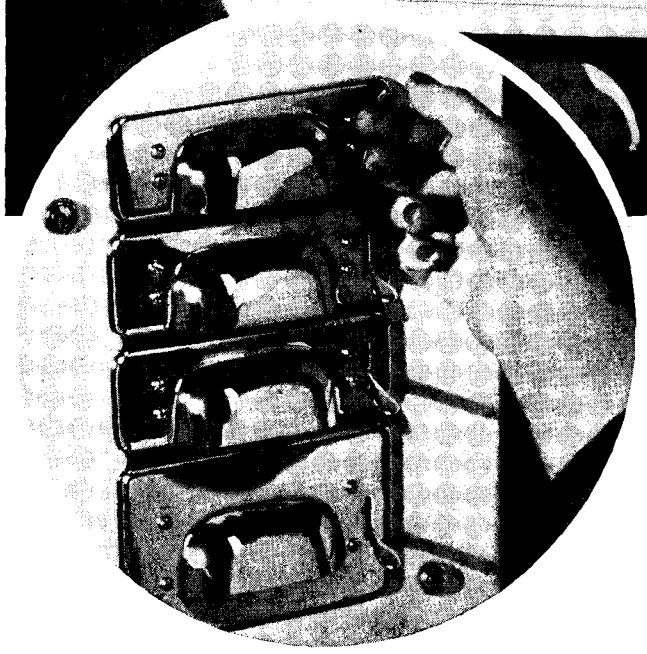

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USES NO WATER
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NEW *Air-Cooled* ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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Henrietta the Eighth

Continued from page 24

alarm. Haidee meant every threat she made at the time. But times changed. Mrs. Scudder's only comment on her daughter's blood-curdling threat was:

"Will you, or will you not, tell me how many wives Henry Clay had?—Henry VIII!!"

"Oh, I know the answer to that one. The thing is, Mamma, that I either marry George or I die."

"All right, but don't die before you pass this examination."

"Very well, Mamma, but after tomorrow it's—"

"The next question is: What relation to Henry VIII was the Virgin Queen? His daughter."

"Mamma! Please, please! don't give me the answer! I could have given that one anyway, but please pay attention to what you're doing."

"Funny that Henry VIII's daughter, the daughter of a man who had six wives, didn't marry at all. Not so funny at that. A wise woman, Elizabeth."

"Mamma! How can you say such things?—with Papa in the next room!"

"Oh, he's heard me say it often enough. And I guess he agrees with me." She laughed bitterly and called out: "Don't you, Will?"

From the next room: "Don't I what?"

"Nothing."

SHOCKED by youth's earnest shame for the flippancy of the old, Haidee brooded aloud with great originality: "It's terrible the way romance fades—just like the rose—so beautiful, so fragrant! Then it wilts and the petals drop and fall, one by one."

"Is this a botany examination or English history?"

"Still, even if our romance—George's and mine—should fade, it's all we have. It's all we can hope for. I must marry George, and I must marry him soon. I can't wait! I won't! I'd die!"

The telephone bell. The father's voice: "If it's for Idie, did you say I was to say she was out if it was George—or what?"

What a father! He could be relied on only to get everything wrong. Haidee called: "I'll answer it, Papa."

She ran to the telephone and cooed into it:

"Oh, hello, George! Darling!"

The parents heard only one end of the conversation. That was usually enough. Tonight, however, there was drama. They heard Haidee gasp:

"No? You did? Honestly? Why, George!"

She turned away and whispered shrilly: "Mamma, George got the appointment to Annapolis!" She turned back to the telephone. "Oh, George, that's grand! I knew you'd pass. You can do anything. You're the smartest boy that ever lived. What a great satisfaction it will be to you to know that you could have gone to Annapolis if you had wanted to. And you're giving it up just for me. It's the most flattering thing that ever happened to me."

Her mother, who had followed to hear the great news, watched her and guessed the truth; saw how she listened with a sort of gluttony for punishment, interjecting little laughs and trying to keep her voice firm though her body swayed till Mrs. Scudder moved close to catch her if she fell.

Haidee was very polite. That was always ominous: "Oh, I see. . . . Oh, I understand perfectly. Naturally. Quite. A man's ambition comes first, of course, of course. Oh, no, not at all. . . . Ha ha! . . . I agree with you perfectly. . . . You're doing the wise thing. As always. You always do the wise thing, George, no matter what the cost may be—to others. Goodby, George. Come see me . . . sometime . . . before you go."

She laughed for his sake but he could not see the contorted face that touched her mother with sincere pity as Haidee hung up the telephone and toppled into her arms, her artificial laughter turned to sobs: "He got the appointment, Mamma. And he—he's going to Annapolis without a—a th-thought of me."

"Poor baby! It's too bad. But it's good riddance of a selfish brute."

"Oh, Mamma. He—he would rather go to Annapolis for years than marry me now! I can't bear it. I've got to die. I'll kill myself."

Her mother could think of no better ruse than to interpose: "But you wouldn't want to die without passing your last examination, would you?"

"No; I'd hate to flunk in everything. I've been an utter failure in life. I'm sorry to have been such a disappointment to you, poor Mamma! But I couldn't help it. I meant well and I loved you. Always remember that—when—when—"

"We both weigh the same" *Fred Neher*

HER young voice tried to be grim as she set off on her journey to the grave but it was only more little-girlish than ever. She shook her head violently in a brave effort to rally her courage for a little delay:

"What's the next question, Mamma?"

Mrs. Scudder tried one more distraction: "Of course, if you should want to go on to college yourself, your father and I—well, we were saying only last night that we'd be glad to send you to some nice school or college."

"I don't want to go to college. I don't want to live, I tell you. Please give me the next question."

Mrs. Scudder turned back to the book: "What was the Spanish Armada and how many ships—"

"Oh, why must you speak of ships? George is going on a ship! He prefers a ship to me! Why don't you ask me the questions? Can't you do that much for me before I go mad?"

"WHO was the principal poet of Elizabeth's reign and what were his principal plays?"

"George Shakeington—I mean William Ames—and he wrote Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet. They got married young."

"Yes, and look what happened to them. The cold dark tomb before they knew what it was all about."

"Funny! Romeo and Juliet both died in such misery so young, but Queen Elizabeth—she never married and she lived to be seventy years old. She was a great woman and she never married. Mamma, I'm never going to marry! Not if I live a thousand years. I hate men. They're all alike—especially George Ames. I'm never going to speak to another man as long as I live—except Papa, of course. You say that he and you were talking about sending me to college. College would have been fine if— But no co-ed college with a lot of horrid boys around. I never want to see another boy as long as I live. Annapolis, humph! Well, if he can go to Annapolis I guess I can go to Smith or Wellesley or— Die, humph! I wouldn't die for all the men in the world. Mamma, you're such a darling. You've helped me. Oh, I can't tell you how you've helped me. What's the next question?"

The telephone bell broke in on it. Haidee shrieked at the next room: "Papa, if that's George Ames, I'm out! If he asks when I am expected back home just say, 'Never forever.'"

"Oh, I just say, 'Never forever.'"

"Yes, Papa, and if—" a brilliant thought dazzled her brain: "If it's any other boy, find out who it is and say you'll see if I'm in or not."

The bell rang again and her father's voice curled through the door: "If it's anybody but George Ames, I'm to say you'll see if I'm in or not. All right. Hello! Oh! Hold the wire. He says his name is Cliff."

"Not Cliff Atterbury?"

"He didn't say what Cliff; just a plain Cliff. Are you in or out or just betwixt and between?"

Haidee brushed him aside and ran to the telephone, sang into it as if she had never known a sorrow and only now knew perfect bliss: "Why, Cliff Atterbury, it can't be you. In hem's name, when did you get back? Only this evening? You di-id? Why, Cliff, how utterly flatt'ring to call me up so right away! I'm all of a twitter. How simply sweet of you! Why, I'm just dying to! But I couldn't, not for half an hour. You see, I'm boning up for the final exam tomorrow. Got to pass somehow so that I can go to college. Mamma and Papa agree with me that I ought to go on to college. You are? How simpully swe-ell! What college are you going to? Yale, Princeton—oh, the State University! But isn't that co-ed? I shouldn't think you'd like tha-at. Oh, how you talk! Well, of course, if you were the other co-ed I might stand it, too—that would be diff'rent. I'll think it over. We'll talk it over. Could you give me half an hour, Cliff? It's only English history and that won't take long. I'm practic'ly through the reign of Queen Liz already. Fine! . . . Grand! . . . Glorious! G'by! Awf'ly glad you're back. G'by, Cliff! G'by-eee—"

SHE replaced the telephone with the tenderness of a caress, and stood in a trance of beatitude, just being happy through and through. Her mother sighed to her father: "Look at her! She looks like a candy doll. And she wonders why I don't get as excited as she does over every tragedy."

Her father studied her stupidly: "What ails her now?"

"Oh, nothing much now. A few minutes ago she was Juliet in the tomb. Then she was Queen Elizabeth, the man-hater. Now I think she's Henrietta the Eighth. I wonder what she'll be tomorrow."

"Can I start the radio again?"

The radio blared. Jimmie came in from the porch and whistled through his teeth. Nettie began to run scales up and down the piano, her fingers stepping on one another and the wrong notes with their usual regularity. Upstairs, Haidee flung out of and into her clothes and powdered her nose, arranged her hair, paying little heed to her mother, who sat on the bed and read:

"What lover of Elizabeth was the hero of what famous novel?"

"Essex and—"

"No."

"Ivanhoe?"

"No!"

"Don't tell me. It was the—the Earl of Leicester."

"Fine! And what famous novel?"

"Uncle Tom's Cab—no . . . Paradise Lost— No, don't tell me—er—er—"

"Kenil—"

"Kenilworth! That's it! And that describes George Ames. He's worthy of a kennel. That's good! That's grand! I must tell that to Cliffy. He never did like George Ames any more than I do!"

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A NEW HIGH FOR SPARKLE ...A NEW LOW FOR COST

THERE'S a three-way surprise in Canada Dry's new Sparkling Water. *First surprise*—it's priced so low you can't resist it! *Second surprise*—it's in a big 28-ounce bottle, making anywhere from 5 to 8 tall drinks. *Third surprise*—you can't buy a better carbonated "water" at *any* price!

There's life in it . . . the extra sparkle that comes from Canada Dry's secret process of pin-point carbonation.

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CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

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There's no Coincidence

Continued from page 13

cold we could go out in the engine cab and get warm."

Mother Tallant ran an orphanage or two, and always had a few odd babies rolling round the house. "We used to tell her that she must have brought up some extra ones along with her own and never even noticed. Otherwise where did she get so many, with only two sets of twins?"

If this was the view Merlin took of her own family, you could hardly expect John Bridge to straighten it all out in an afternoon. He had an impression of vast hordes of brothers and sisters, all marrying into complicated families and falling into foolish messes that there were no excuses for.

"You ought to have some system," he protested.

"How can you," Merlin asked, "when the luck is all against you?"

"There is no such thing as luck," said John Bridge. "There are no coincidences."

Merlin Tallant did not agree with him. "What should you call it," she inquired, "when I lost the only decent job I ever had because the boss' son fell in love with me?"

"I should say it was perfectly natural," said John Bridge. It was not wholly clear, even to himself, what he meant by that. "I mean," he explained hastily, "that you should have foreseen the possibility and taken steps to prevent it."

"How?" she asked curiously. She looked up at him in that sudden, disconcerting way she had—very direct, her eyes very frank and blue in a tangle of lashes.

"Well, for instance," said John Bridge, not quite so sure of himself as usual, "you could wear clothes that weren't becoming. . . ."

"All mine are," she objected.

"And be very disagreeable. . . ."

"With my nice disposition?"

That was the trouble—she didn't take anything seriously. You tried to help her, and she laughed. Merlin Tallant was, he saw, the type of girl of whom he most heartily disapproved.

"You have no stability," he said sternly.

"I know it," she said.

"If you wanted me to," he offered presently, "I could stabilize your whole future."

"Could you really?" said Merlin. "Tell me about it."

JOHN BRIDGE hitched forward on the rock. And Merlin moved closer, so that she could hear; she tipped her head down, and a small, rosy ear, with a curl right over it, was presented to John Bridge's lips.

"The first thing," he said firmly, "is to find a job and keep it."

"That's two things," said Merlin.

"The next thing is to budget your income." He explained his own budgeting system.

"But what if something comes up?" said Merlin.

"Things won't come up," John Bridge told her. He explained all about insurance, and savings, and emergency funds. "Besides," he said, "so-called emergencies can be prevented by foresight. By proper rest and food and exercise and decent caution. That reminds me: I think you ought to be more careful about diet. I noticed last night . . ."

"You did?" cried Merlin. "I thought you didn't even see me."

"Of course I saw you," said John Bridge crossly. "How could I help it?" He had not meant to say that; it interrupted the logical sequence of his thought. "The first thing," he repeated, "is to return to the city tomorrow morning and find employment. Then . . ." He made his points resolutely, outlining his entire theory. So much money for this and that; so much time for which and t'other; stewed prunes, baked pears, breathing exercises. . . .

"You're just practically perfect, aren't you?" said Merlin Tallant. He was a little puzzled by her tone. "You don't get much joy out of life, do you?"

"Joy?" said John Bridge. "Joy?"

Merlin Tallant looked up at him—one of those dazzling, sudden looks, so clear and clean and straightforward and . . . joyous that John Bridge found it hard to meet. The wayward tuck of laughter came in her chin. "I wonder," she said, "what would happen if you should come right up against a good hard coincidence!"

"There aren't any coincidences," John Bridge reminded her.

"Aren't there?" said Merlin softly.

MERLIN TALLANT did not go back to the city the next morning. She said it didn't seem right to leave the chance of a lifetime to stabilize her future. In spite of a certain flippancy, there was reason in the argument. John Bridge did not insist.

The two weeks which followed did not in every respect fulfill the normal functions of a vacation. John Bridge was not, if the truth must be told, quite in his usual health. For the first time since he was seventeen he was afflicted with insomnia: an unmotivated restlessness that set him pacing the floor in his bare feet and dropped him into bed at dawn to dream fantastic, extravagant dreams about . . . joy and things like that.

John Bridge and Merlin danced every night. They danced on the piazza, where they obtained fresh air as well as exercise. Also solitude. Solitude is very desirable for the discussion of a budgeting system.

No doubt they would have made great progress if Merlin Tallant had not had an illogical mind. Once, right in the middle of compulsory insurance, John Bridge found that they were talking about the moon. He could not imagine how the subject had come up. The moon had come up in the usual way; it had a little cloud tied round it. John Bridge's fingers slipped softly upward to the back of Merlin's neck.

That was the time that John Bridge had the very worst heart attack of all. "I—I think I'll have to go and sit down," he said.

"It would be more cozy," agreed Merlin.

John Bridge was worried about Merlin. The two weeks were practically over and in spite of his best efforts she still showed an upsetting tendency to think in terms of fun.

He saw that he must have a really serious talk with her before they separated. He put on his best tie and joined her at breakfast.

"I dreamed about you last night," he began.

"Did you?" said Merlin. "That was nice."

"It was because I was worried," John Bridge explained. "I don't think we're getting ahead as fast as we ought to."

"Maybe not," Merlin admitted. "But of course we've got another whole day. Let's borrow a boat and go out to one of the islands. Then we won't be interrupted. We'll take a lunch, and not tell anybody, and start right after breakfast."

"It won't leak, will it?" said John Bridge, peering cautiously at the boat. John Bridge did not know much about boats. Neither, she admitted, did Merlin.

"Is there enough gasoline?" asked John Bridge.

"Here's the tank," said Merlin. "And this is the measuring-stick. I'll measure while you're putting in the things."

She began to unscrew the cap on the tank. John Bridge stowed away their bathing suits and towels, their coats and slickers, their lunch, the vacuum bottle, and a box of matches. Merlin drew the measuring-stick up out of the hole. It was wet well to the top.

"All right," said John Bridge.

Up until the moment of departure John Bridge had viewed the undertaking with a certain skepticism. No sooner were they under way, however, than he saw that besides its opportunities for financial discussion the thing itself was of a pleasing nature. The clear putt-putt-putt of the engine, the obedience of the wheel to his command, gave him a sense of physical power that John Bridge had not often had. He looked over his shoulder at Merlin and smiled. It would have surprised John Bridge to know it, but he had a fine smile.

Merlin Tallant waved a hand gayly back at him. She was perched on top of the engine housing. She had on red trousers and a white jersey shirt and a short red jacket. Her hair had been pinned up when they started, but it came down and she left it loose and blowing.

"Isn't it grand?" she called.

THE island they had chosen was farther out than they realized when they started. They had gone a long way, and the shore looked very distant, when the thing happened. The engine coughed twice, sputtered once and was still. The silence, in that big gray ocean, was suddenly enormous.

"It must be the ignition," said John Bridge firmly.

John Bridge took a monkey wrench and a screwdriver and walked boldly up to the engine. He examined the ignition. Then he examined everything else he could think of. He got himself all smeared up. The trouble certainly was not lack of oil.

Merlin crouched beside him, peering over his shoulder. "What about the carburetor?" she asked.

"That's all right too," said John Bridge. "Only it doesn't seem to be carbureting." He got up suddenly and fetched the measuring-stick. He unscrewed the cap on the gasoline tank and plunged the stick in. When he drew it out again, it was dry.

John Bridge looked at that measuring-stick as if, for the first time in his life, he did not credit his own careful vision. "But it was full when we started," he objected.

"It couldn't have leaked out, could it?" said Merlin, peering at their wake. "We'll have to row back. Isn't it lucky I got oars?" John Bridge was pleased at her foresight; the girl had, after all, profited from his teaching. "I'll row one," she added.

John Bridge had to let her do it, for the boat, while small, was rather wide for rowing.

"It's nearer to the island than to shore," he said. "Let's row there and

(Continued on page 32)

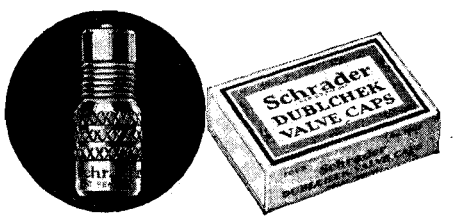
RIDING ON WHIRLWINDS

...SAFETY AT STAKE

YOU owe the modern tire manufacturer a world of praise for putting into your tires more mileage and safety than you even dreamed possible ten years ago. But the responsibility of retaining that safety and preventing the waste of those miles is yours. *You must* keep your tires properly inflated. You will—you'll not shirk the job—if you have a set of Schrader Dublcheks on your valve stems.

Dublcheks—new—take the place of the ordinary valve cap. They protect the inner-valve against dust and dirt, and are the equivalent of an extra valve that's guaranteed *air-tight* in itself. They make tire inflating and testing as easy as turning on a water tap! Affixed permanently. Nothing to unscrew, replace or become lost. Snap on the hose and the air shoots in—*right through* the Dublchek.

More than 100,000 tire, gas and accessory dealers and garages sell Schrader products. They'll gladly put Dublcheks on for you. Takes but a few minutes. The average price of a good spark plug pays for a set. A suggestion: First ask to have your valve cores tested and, if necessary, replace with fresh Schrader cores. Then—put on Dublcheks. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada—*Makers of pneumatic valves since* 1844.



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Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

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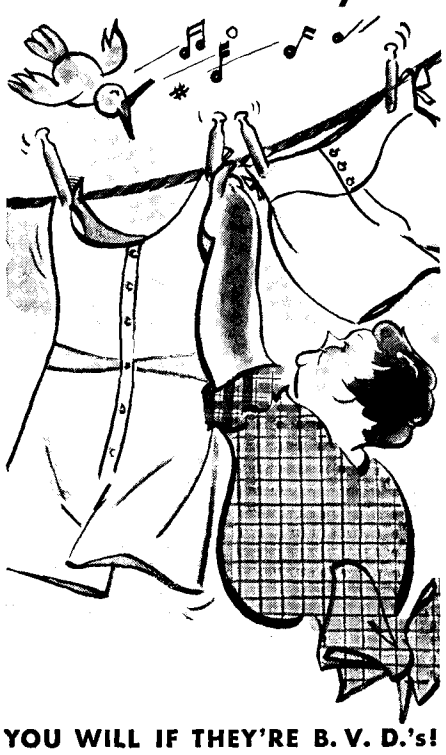
Will you wear 'em in December as you did in May?



YOU WILL IF THEY'RE B. V. D.'s!

Dollars to crullers, you can't say what your underwear really costs!

The cost is what you pay divided by the number of times you wear it.

That way, B.V.D. undersells every "once-in-a-life-time" bargain garment that ever raided your pocketbook.

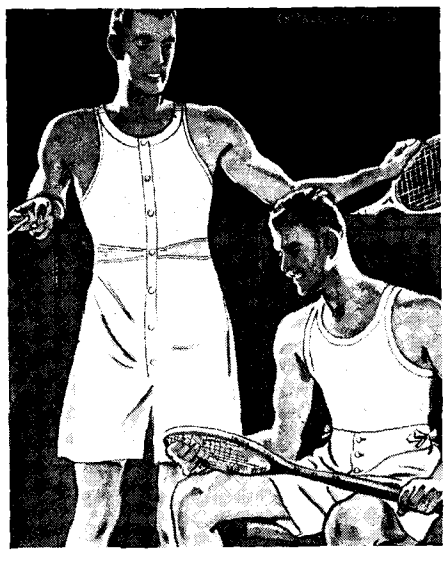
For B.V.D. laughs at laundries. It hands the merry Ha! Ha! to underwear that splits up when you bend down.

And this applies to every style and shape of B.V.D.! Shorts, shirts, union suits–they all wear like carborundum!

From crotch to neckband, B.V.D. fits and feels as if it were "made-to-order!" It's cool—it's comfortable.

Always insist on the famous red B.V.D. label. You'll save money, trouble and temper!

THE B. V. D. CO., INC., NEW YORK



B.V.D. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS
SWIM SUITS

the new "COMBONAIR" SHIRT

(Continued from page 31)

have lunch. Maybe there are people and I can buy gasoline. If not, we'll hail a boat and get a tow home."

"That'll be dandy," said Merlin. John Bridge was startled at the warmth that her approval gave him.

If John Bridge and Merlin had spent their lives beside the sea they would not have been nearly so much surprised at what happened next. As it was, the fog was already quite near before they noticed it at all: first a pretty fluffiness like an emptied feather pillow; then tags of mist against their faces; suddenly a smothering whiteness that shut out even the gray water under their oars.

"We'll have to row faster," John Bridge said.

"Not too fast," protested Merlin. "I can't keep up, and it turns us away from the island."

John Bridge missed a stroke.

"The island is over here," he said, pointing.

"I thought it was there," said Merlin, pointing the opposite way.

They sat still, peering at each other through the fog. . . .

After a little John Bridge gathered himself together. He mustn't frighten Merlin.

"We might as well have lunch," he said, "while we're waiting for the fog to lift."

"It will lift quite soon, of course," said Merlin.

"Bound to," said John Bridge heartily.

Neither of them ate very much. Neither of them, for any money, would have admitted that they might need it later. John Bridge said he never was hungry unless he exercised; Merlin said she guessed she had eaten too much breakfast. They drank sparingly of the coffee. It was hot and gratifying.

After lunch they rowed again. They were both aware that the boat had swung about while they were eating, but neither one mentioned it. They settled to their oars and rowed hard in the direction that the boat was headed. They rowed until John Bridge's oar caught a piece of floating drift and snapped off short.

They had been warm while they were rowing. When they stopped, the chill and dampness of the fog seemed to creep through their clothes; it seemed to creep through their flesh and find lodgment in their bones. They put on their coats and slickers, and crouched against the engine housing, out of the wind. John Bridge took Merlin's hands in his because they were cold; they were so cold that they shook a little, but when he held them tight they did not shake any more. They sat there all the afternoon.

DUSK came on. A long, oily swell began running. The boat rose and fell drowsily.

"Listen," said John Bridge suddenly. "I can hear breakers."

John Bridge caught up the oar with some idea of steering. He had just reached the bow when the crash came: a rending of wood torn across rock; the water began to trickle in round their ankles. They snatched up the coffee cups and bailed wildly; the water deepened as they bailed; the stern began to settle.

"Quick," said John Bridge. "Take off your coat. We can't swim in these. Give me the matches and the lunch." He wrapped them swiftly in his slicker, tied the package round his waist by the sleeves, kicked off his shoes. Merlin had the oar now.

John Bridge saw at once that he could not swim very far. The cold deadened his muscles; he was weighed down by his clothes, by the package round his waist. "Where are you, Merlin?" he called.

"Here," said Merlin. "Want to take hold of the oar?"

The sound of the breakers was at once louder in the water and more confusing, so that it was hard to tell which way it came. Once they found they were going away from it. A long time afterward John Bridge was lying on something solid, mopping at a warm trickle on his knee, and holding fast to Merlin.

"Of course I'm all right," said Merlin in a little, shaken voice.

"We'll build a fire," said John Bridge. He untied the slicker. The water had leaked through the buttonholes and the matches were wet.

The night was very long after that. It was black dark, the fog made a tangible darkness that you could reach out and touch. They went stumbling up and down to keep from freezing in their wet clothes; later they found a rock and huddled in its shelter—John Bridge wrapped the one slicker round them both to shut out the wind. . . .

IN THE morning the fog was gone. They were on a bald pile of rock, and when they climbed to the top a great flock of gulls flew upward and went wheeling and screaming round their heads.

"We're on Gull Island," said Merlin.

Gull Island was extremely remote. They both knew that. Still, far off, there was a cloud floating on the sea that John Bridge said was land. He said it several times. "As soon as the matches dry, we'll gather driftwood and build a signal fire."

"That will be fine," said Merlin. They both knew that no smoke would show very clearly so far away.

There were mercifully, at first, quite a lot of things to do. They tied Merlin's red jacket to the end of the oar, and John Bridge set it up in a pile of stones. They retired to opposite sides of the island and spread their clothes in the sun while they bathed, and returned looking very clean and dry and brisk, and rather pale, and very worn, and terribly hopeful. They spread the matches out to dry too, and Merlin stood guard to keep them from blowing away. But matches are never the same after being soaked in salt water. They decided it was so warm they didn't need a fire. They unwrapped the lunch. The water had leaked into that too, and it was all lumped sulkily together. They made it into a cake and baked it in the sun.

"Try a piece," Merlin invited John Bridge. "It isn't bad if you don't look at it. Only a little highly seasoned."

John Bridge chewed a bite resolutely. The salt in it made him thirsty. John Bridge was determined not to think of water. And immediately he heard himself saying: "You know there must be water somewhere, or the birds wouldn't come here." They spent a long time searching. They found a stagnant pool in a cup of rock—incredibly foul.

"It looks like rain though," said John Bridge, scanning the cloudless sky. "We can catch all we want in the slicker."

There was not so much to do during the afternoon. They did not talk, because talking makes one thirsty. Darkness began to draw in.

The coming of that second night was rather bad. The night before they had been too grateful for something solid underfoot, too physically exhausted, to retain much capacity for thought. It was thinking that upset you. . . . John Bridge reached out and put his arm round Merlin. He drew her up close.

Merlin slipped her hand into his; her tangled hair blew against his face. "I always thought," she said, "it would be fun to be cast away on a desert island." And with that she looked up at him—such a clear, clean, straightforward look, so free and unafraid, that something tightened in John Bridge's throat, harder than the pinch of thirst. In that look there was valor, and faith, and an unreasoning wisdom, and a high pride.

It came to John Bridge then, when he looked at Merlin, that there was something better than security—and that was the courage to face insecurity when it came, and find the fun in things that were not funny. All at once he laughed. "I was just thinking," he said, "that the only thing I am not insured against is shipwreck."

It was then that the really bad thing happened. Merlin began to cry. Terribly. John Bridge was frightened. "My dear, my dear," he begged. "Don't. Please. It's all right. There'll be a boat. . . ."

"It isn't that," sobbed Merlin. "But —oh, John Bridge, you're such a sport about it . . . and it was all my fault."

John Bridge gathered her right up in his arms then like a child; like a child he soothed her. "It couldn't have been. . . ."

"Oh, but it could," sobbed Merlin wildly. "It was. I—oh, John Bridge, I've got to tell you. There—wasn't ever enough gasoline. I wet the measuring-stick in the water when you weren't looking. You always seemed . . . so awfully sure of yourself. I never thought it would mean anything but just a hard row back. I—oh, John Bridge, maybe I've killed you."

"I never was so alive in my life," said John Bridge firmly—and he meant it. "What difference does the gasoline make? You didn't bring the fog along, did you? You didn't break the oar. You didn't stick up a rock in the ocean for us to run onto. You certainly didn't make the buttonholes in my slicker so the water could wet the matches. Why, darling, don't you see? It was all"—he swallowed hard, because his throat was dry—"just a coincidence."

THE plane came over soon after daybreak. They saw it a long way off, flying in low, wide circles. "They're looking for us," said John Bridge. "If we only had a signal . . ." And then suddenly: "The gulls!" he cried. "Merlin, quick! We'll make a signal of the gulls."

They went storming up to the top of the island, shouting hoarse, dry shouts through cracked lips. John Bridge snatched Merlin's jacket from the oar and waved it over his head. Merlin tore a strip off her red trouser leg, and waved that too. The gulls flew up in panic; frenzied with excitement they hung over the island, swooping and wheeling and screaming. After a while the plane turned straight toward them.

The plane could not land, of course, but there was no doubt that the pilot saw them before he picked up altitude again and roared away, full throttle, toward the shore. "It's all right," said John Bridge. "He's gone to send a boat."

John Bridge and Merlin Tallant stood and looked at each other: Merlin with a scrap of red trouser in her hand; John Bridge with blood stains on his torn socks; two scarecrows, battered and wind-worn and weary, with pinched, undaunted faces, and blistered cheeks, and swollen lips, clear-eyed and . . . joyous. John Bridge held out his arms without speaking. Without speaking, Merlin came into them.

John Bridge bent down his head. He was a little dizzy now that it was over, and he could not see very well. Merlin stood up on tiptoe, and her eyes were blind with tears. By pure coincidence their lips met.

That kiss stabilized their future.

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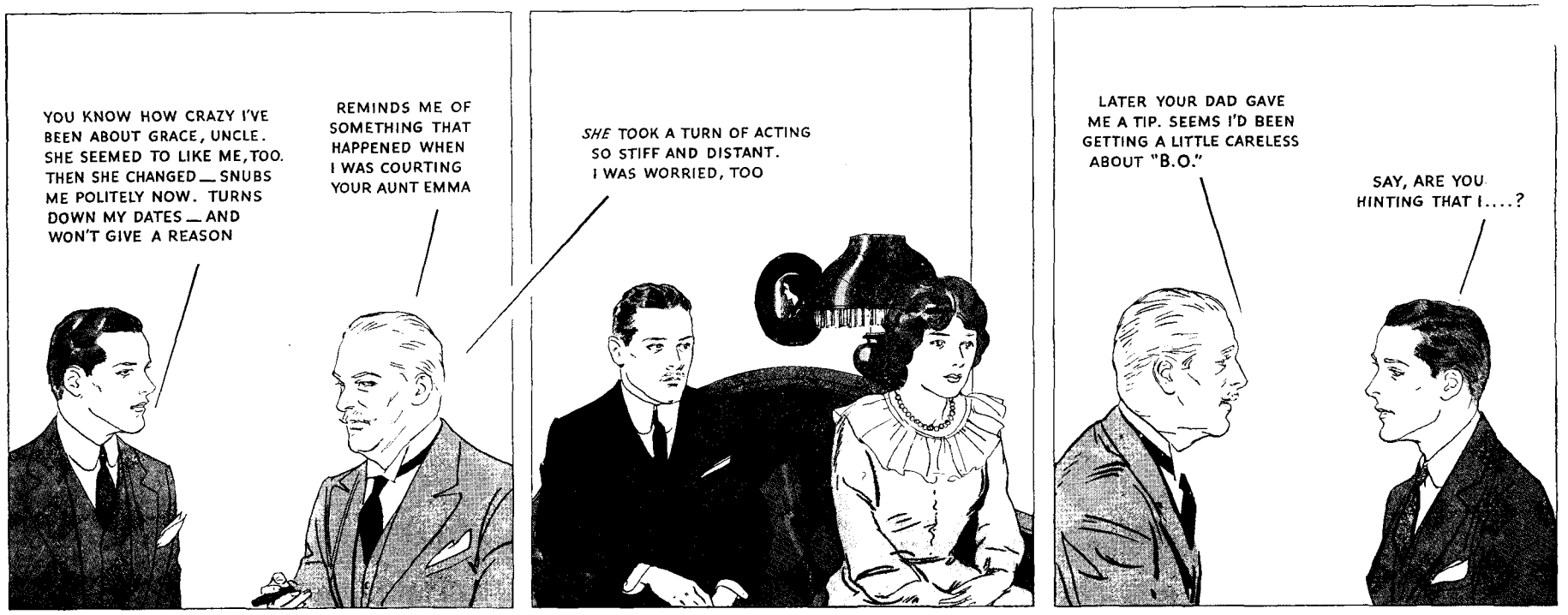
. . . HIS UNCLE'S GUILTY PAST . . . . by Timin


YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY I'VE BEEN ABOUT GRACE, UNCLE. SHE SEEMED TO LIKE ME, TOO. THEN SHE CHANGED — SNUBS ME POLITELY NOW. TURNS DOWN MY DATES — AND WON'T GIVE A REASON
REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN I WAS COURTING YOUR AUNT EMMA
SHE TOOK A TURN OF ACTING SO STIFF AND DISTANT. I WAS WORRIED, TOO
LATER YOUR DAD GAVE ME A TIP. SEEMS I'D BEEN GETTING A LITTLE CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."
SAY, ARE YOU HINTING THAT I....?
FORTUNATELY, I COULD GET LIFEBUOY EVEN IN THOSE DAYS. I DIDN'T TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES AFTER THAT
ENOUGH SAID, UNCLE! I'M GETTING LIFEBUOY *NOW!*
"B.O." GONE — *Uncle prepares to say* — "BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN"
LOOKS LIKE I'LL BE HAVING A NEW NIECE SOON. I THOUGHT GRACE WOULD TAKE HIM AFTER LIFEBUOY PUT AN END TO THAT "B.O."

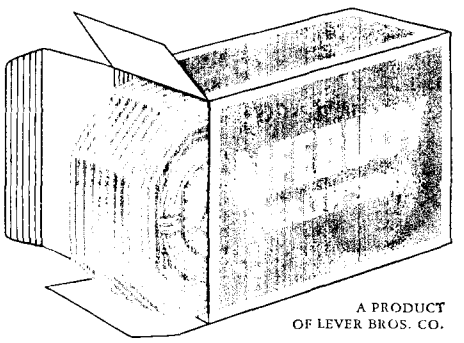
"B.O." (body odor) has ALWAYS been an unforgivable fault!

IN LOVE—in social or business relations—"B.O." (*body odor*) is a handicap *no one* can afford to risk! Warmer weather increases "B.O." danger. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its rich, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—stops "B.O."

Dull skins freshen

Make Lifebuoy your complexion soap—watch your skin improve!

For Lifebuoy *deep-cleanses*—its creamy, searching lather rids pores of clogged impurities—makes dull complexions glow with health.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

by J.F. HART

LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, PLEASE. ONLY ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER CAN SOFTEN MY TOUGH BEARD
I'LL GET A TUBE FOR ED, DAD. HE CAN'T GET DECENT SHAVES
ED, HERE'S A TUBE OF LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. DAD SAYS IT SOOTHES TENDER SKIN. —GIVES CLEAN, CLOSE SHAVES
OH, THANKS. I'LL TRY IT TOMORROW MORNING
KATE, YOUR DAD WAS RIGHT. THIS IS THE SMOOTHEST SHAVE I EVER HAD! AND DOES MY FACE FEEL GREAT! HERE'S ANOTHER VOTE FOR LIFEBUOY
I'M GLAD IT HELPS, ED.
TRY IT! SEND FOR A FREE 12-DAY TUBE

Use this extra-moist lather that soaks beards soft . . . soothes skin

Holds 52% more moisture

FOR a clean, snappy morning shave that'll last all day and far into the night—there's nothing in the world like Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Because it holds 52% more moisture, Lifebuoy lather does what ordinary thin, quick-drying lathers never can do. It *soaks* stubborn stubble soft—*extra soft.* Thus tough whiskers come off quicker, cleaner—without razor-bite or sting. And it's kind to the skin—leaves it looking and feeling soft, relaxed, refreshed. It's thrifty, too—a little makes oceans of extra-moist lather. Try it. Get the big cheerful red tube at your druggist's today. Or write to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A-116, Cambridge, Mass., for a free trial tube. (*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

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least is *not* a medicine"

says DR. MÜLLER, *of Berlin*

"A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN," writes Mrs. E. C. Baugham of Richmond, Va., "left me with almost constant indigestion and headaches. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast—began to pick right up . . . No more headaches or indigestion. My doctor said, 'Keep it up!'"

"IT IS a *food* . . . with a truly amazing effect on the system."

That—in the words of Prof. Dr. Franz Müller, one of the greatest physicians in Germany—is what fresh yeast *is!*

Dr. Müller is an expert on pharmacology of the University of Berlin. He says:—

"Laxative drugs are harsh—weakening.

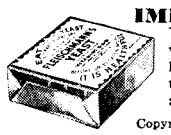
"Fresh yeast *strengthens* the intestines. It improves digestion . . . has been used for centuries in curing pimples and boils.

"It is also very rich in vitamins of extraordinary health benefit."

Anyone who suffers from a poor appetite, bad digestion, bad breath, or is just "rundown," should try eating fresh yeast by all means.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates the intestines. It also softens the wastes, making them easy to get rid of. Your food "digests" better. Headaches, skin troubles and other minor ills occur far less often when fresh yeast is eaten regularly every day.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes daily. Directions are printed on the label.



IMPORTANT!—Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise.

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The Kitchen Cabinet

Continued from page 17

a deep personal relation, cemented by twenty-two years of constant association and devoted friendship, and there is not even the remote chance of a break between the two.

Louie Howe was a newspaper correspondent in Albany when Frank Roosevelt entered the state senate back in 1910, and despite absolutely dissimilar personalities and backgrounds, the two soon put on a Damon and Pythias performance. Roosevelt, tall, handsome and athletic, had all the radiant assurance of one for whom the world has no fears. Howe, on the other hand, was small, gnarled and gnomelike, with brown spaniel eyes peeping out from beneath bushy brows, a pair of large ears reposing restlessly on a high white collar, and his clothes giving the effect of hastily draped burlap. The one gay and open, the other about as sparkling as a hermit crab.

Roosevelt fell ill at the outset of his campaign for reëlection, and Howe took charge; when Roosevelt went to Washington, Howe accompanied him; throughout the vice-presidential race Louie was at Frank's side, and when the strong, joyous man of thirty-nine was struck down, Howe turned away from his own concerns and put his life at the service of his friend. Always insistent that Roosevelt remain in the public eye, he urged the race for governor of New York in 1928, and from an obscure cubbyhole launched the preconvention drive that brought state after state to the Roosevelt presidential banner. Such devotion establishes claims that can never be overlooked.

All of which is far from meaning that Howe is the power behind the Roosevelt throne, lord of the high justice and the low. His devotion, backed by shrewdness and good judgment, will always cause him to be consulted, but by no means will these consultations constitute the last word on a subject. There are scores of fields of specialized knowledge in which Howe has never set foot, and doubtless has no desire to set foot. When he talks with the President, it is as a friend rather than as a counselor, not so much concerned with mapping policies as in the effect of those policies on Frank's fortunes.

Big Jim's Job

James Aloysius Farley, like Louie, is linked to Roosevelt by ties that have the strength of steel. From their very first meeting, the two "took to each other," and liking quickly ripened into a very real affection. A most engaging person, this Big Jim Farley, with his clear Irish-blue eyes and straightforward speech. Where the usual politician has a liking for back rooms, secret conferences and guarded utterances, Jim sits out in the open, talks freely and is always willing to spread his cards on the table face up. He has an uncanny knack of finding out what people are thinking, and his judgments of men are never colored either by his likes or dislikes.

His value to the President is undeniable, but it is beyond the mark to assume that Farley is the Administration's Number One politician and Master Mind when it comes to dealing with Congress. Big Jim still retains his chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, a man-sized job in itself, for his is the grim and important business of passing on patronage, and seeing that each state is allotted its fair share of places. Aside from this, there are the duties of his new office.

With Big Jim busily engaged in filling the shoes of Benjamin Franklin, the legislative captains of the White House forces are Senator Key Pittman of Nevada and Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina. These gentlemen are veterans in the political game, suave, adroit and resourceful, and both possess Roosevelt's confidence and affection. Carter Glass is also prominently in the picture when he can take time away from "riding herd" on Huey Long.

The Real House

Coming now to a consideration of Colonel House, his case presents an interesting study. An able man, with an itch for public service, it is his misfortune to have suffered from newspaper and magazine stories designed to lift the veil of mystery in which he delights to shroud himself. Well-meant stuff, but having a tendency to make him ridiculous by reason of exaggeration. One article, for instance, after gravely asserting that Colonel House "maneuvered Woodrow Wilson into the White House for eight years," along with the plain intimation that Mr. Wilson collapsed when the Texan withdrew his supporting hand, then proceeded with the declaration that the colonel "read and criticized every speech and statement Roosevelt made, and had referred to him every important piece of strategy and tactics during the campaign."

Moreover, after implying that House would decide all matters of foreign policy, owing to Roosevelt's ignorance of the subject, the article contained this delicious bit: "In conclusion, there is one fundamental difference between the two colonels (House and Howe) I haven't touched upon: Howe will stick to Roosevelt no matter what he does or what happens to him. Roosevelt is Howe's first President, his idol, in a sense the creation of his genius. But House has steered a President before. It's no novelty to him. He knows the human failings which are persistent in all great men. Didn't he see a great man run off the track, with tragic consequences to untold millions of people? Roosevelt, to him, is simply a likely Democrat, possessing qualities which may be used to regenerate a prostrate country. My guess is that if Roosevelt doesn't fulfill his requirements as President, House will ease himself out of the picture."

Balderdash! Just as House never "made" Woodrow Wilson, so is it equally untrue that he read and criticized Roosevelt's campaign utterances and passed on tactics and strategy. As for the bland assumption that House handles foreign affairs, that too is arrant nonsense. Franklin Roosevelt, perhaps better than any previous executive, knows Europe by visit and study, and scholarly Cordell Hull is no less informed. When and where the two lack knowledge, be sure they dig it out for themselves with the help of Good Old Doctor Moley, a master fact hunter.

Colonel House's principal asset is his ears, for never in this world was there a more ardent listener. Blessed with a retentive memory, especially when assisted by his diary, it is also the case that he possesses an almost inordinate passion for the personal contacts that keep him in touch with political events. It was this that made him so invaluable to Woodrow Wilson, who loathed the long-winded, time-wasting methods of the average politician. House, like a sponge, soaked up information, and Mr. Wilson, in the quiet of his study, squeezed him. Franklin Roosevelt, however, likes to do his own listening, and Colonel House's place is in that nebulous group known as Elder Statesmen, with a full score or more having larger voice in the formation of administration policies.

Roosevelt's "Mystery Man"

The political resurrection of William G. McAdoo was not the least dramatic note in the recent colorful campaign. With his defeat for the presidential nomination in 1924, it was thought that he had been driven out of public life forever, but, lo and behold, he made what seemed a hopeless fight for the United States Senate in Republican California, and won by a huge majority. As dynamic as ever, he takes his place at once as a driving, powerful figure.

It is not entirely the case that there is a debt of gratitude due him for his timely and effective aid in the Chicago convention. Far more compelling is Franklin Roosevelt's very real admiration for the downright genius of the former Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads. He worked side by side with him through

(Continued on page 36)

"We were betting two to one in the kitchen, sir, that she wouldn't let you out this evening!" *Roland Coe*

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

PONTIAC

"The Car of Balanced Design" say Engineers
"Balanced Value" say Buyers

ECONOMY • DURABILITY
COMFORT • SAFETY
PERFORMANCE • APPEARANCE

Perhaps the sincerest wish of a buyer is that his new car will be durable and dependable. Which is simply another way of saying that he hopes it will be economical.

In the past, he feels, he has sometimes been lucky, sometimes unlucky.

What can he do to be sure, in advance, that his car will stay new long enough to be a good buy for him?

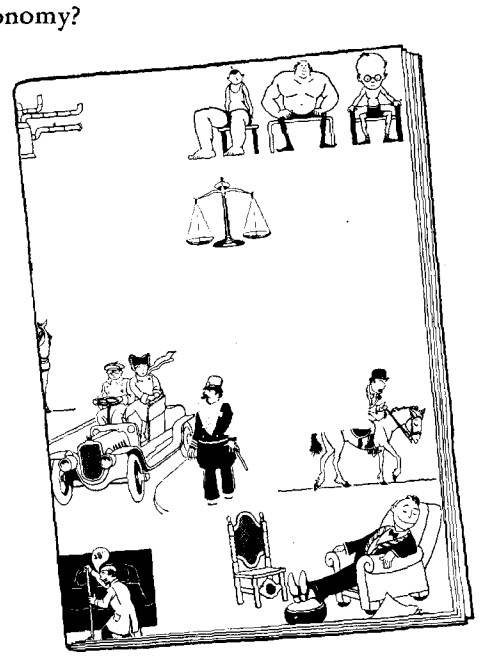
He knows that he can get out of the car only what has been built into it.

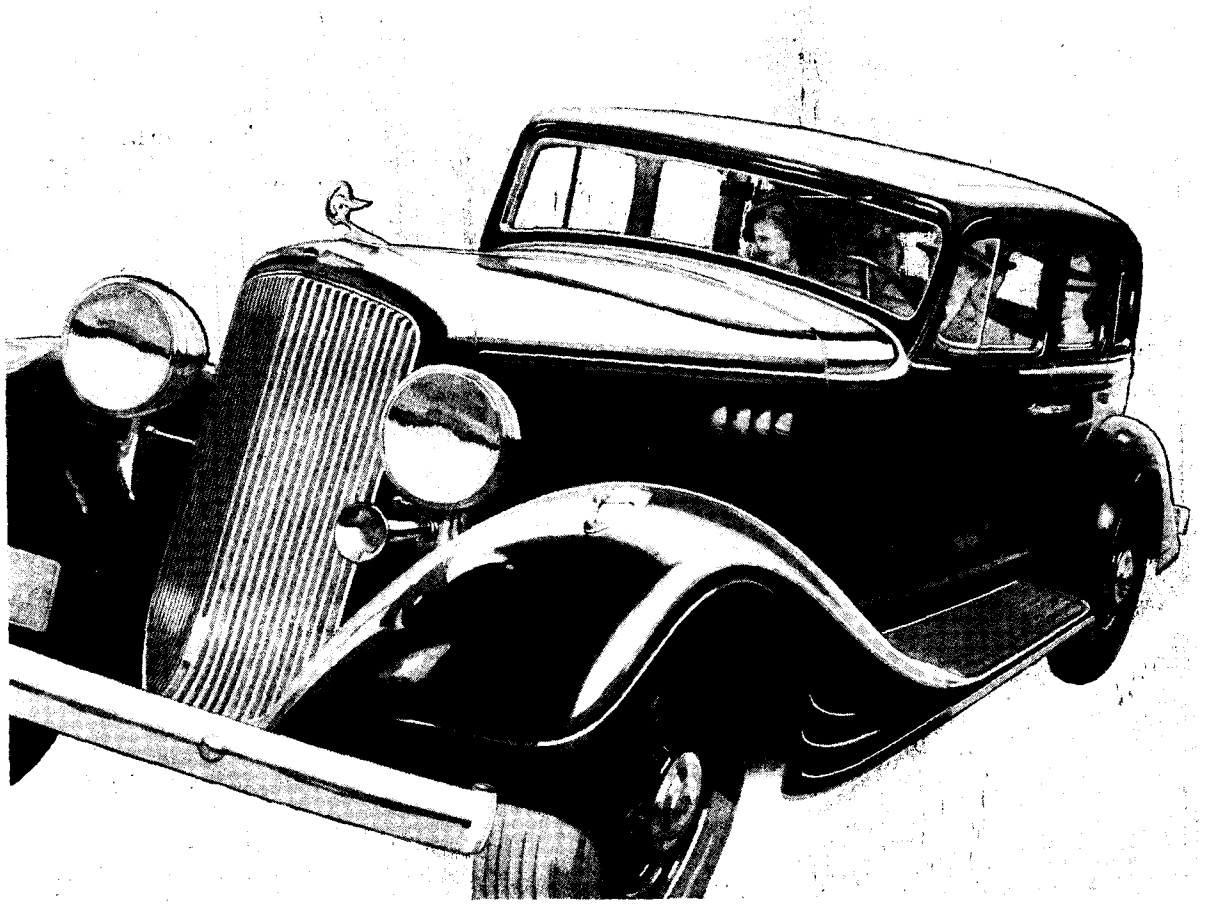
So he wants to know what's in it—what his expectations may be.

Now it is reasonable, isn't it, to say that because Pontiac is the car of Balanced Design it gives the owner Balanced Value? The latter is really a necessary consequence of the former.

And what does that mean? It means simply that Pontiac's moving parts are so carefully balanced, the stresses and strains so well equalized, that the various parts grow old very slowly—and evenly.

That is balanced economy, is it not—true economy?





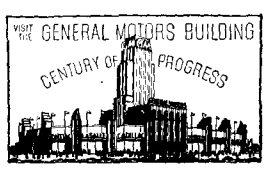
The 4-Door Sedan, $695. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac. Special equipment extra.

At average driving speeds, for example, Pontiac's Straight Eight 77-horsepower engine is really "taking it easy."

That is why owners say Pontiac gives 15 or more miles to the gallon of gas. That is also economy, is it not?

But that isn't all. Because it has no overstrained parts, and because it grows old evenly *as a whole*, Pontiac gives you thousands of miles of expense-free use. And then, at the end of two or three years it gives you extra dividends in the way of higher trade-in value.

Maybe you are tired of the car you now own or maybe you are disappointed in it. Then why not look into Pontiac? Dealers are everywhere. Any one of them will gladly let you drive a new Pontiac so that you can see for yourself how well it behaves. Be sure, too, to read the booklet, "What Do You Mean—Balanced Value." It is written for human beings. Easy to read—and at the same time gives facts that you will be glad to have as a basis for buying a car. The booklet is free.



All closed models have Fisher Bodies—and Fisher No Draft Ventilation.

PONTIAC $585 AND UP ★ ★ ★ F.O.B. PONTIAC EASY G.M.A.C. TERMS
THE ECONOMY STRAIGHT EIGHT A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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Any Pontiac dealer will be glad to give you a copy. Or, if you prefer, send the coupon, or a postcard to the address on the coupon.

Pontiac, Room 15-264, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of "What Do You Mean—Balanced Value."
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____

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THEY ALL WELCOMED BARLOW IN A FOURSOME . . . . . BUT

NOBODY LIKED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE SHOWER

HE was one of those men you'd like on sight. Good talker—clean-cut—able to hold up his end in any company. But thoughtless—and for that reason the crowd which knew him in the locker-room would discreetly use some other shower.

For wherever he walked barefoot he spread a stealthy infection, and those who followed in his footsteps were likely to develop that unpleasant and often serious skin disease known as "Athlete's Foot."

The unforgivable sin

Today there is small excuse for people who have tiny blisters, moist whiteness, or red peeling skin between their toes to pass this ringworm scourge on to others.

The United States Public Health Service asserts in one of its Bulletins that *"it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time"*—and you owe it to others as well as yourself to *stop it* at the first sign of itching.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Laboratory tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. *quickly* kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues. Clinical tests have also proved its effectiveness.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. You are continually exposed—in the bathrooms of even the finest hotels, in the showers and locker-rooms of your club—even in the spotless bathroom of your own home, this hardy germ lives and lurks for weeks, waiting to attack bare feet on wet surfaces. Your own shoes and socks or stockings can re-infect you, because socks must be *boiled* 15 minutes to kill this germ. *Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.*

Beware of complications

Don't experiment with weak and worthless imitations which have flooded the market to trade upon the proved success of Absorbine Jr. When you fail to stop "Athlete's Foot" it can run into even more dangerous infections. Thousands of grateful letters say Absorbine Jr. gets results. All druggists sell it, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, insomnia

The Kitchen Cabinet

Continued from page 34

Woodrow Wilson's two terms, watching him handle a score or more tremendous jobs with brilliant success.

Last, but far from being least, we come to consideration of Dr. Raymond Moley. Here is one who has been set down by the press as a "mystery man," but the mystery springs entirely from the fact that he is utterly lacking in the publicity instinct, and has no liking whatsoever for interviews, feature stories and personal exploitation. The one thing that interests him is the *job*, and to it he brings an absolute concentration that leaves no room for anything else.

A rather hard-boiled person, this Dr. Moley, and about as different from the timid, absent-minded professor type of fiction as could be imagined. There is a jut to his jaw, a steel-trap effect around the mouth, and behind his glasses are a pair of clear eyes that have the bore of gimlets. Of all the people about Roosevelt, Big Jim Farley is Dr. Moley's preferred intimate, and the two, seemingly so dissimilar, are fast friends.

Fact Finders

No college professor was ever less of an academician than Moley, and few scientists ever less in love with the laboratory. A plain school-teacher from twenty to twenty-eight, and an assistant professor of politics at Western Reserve University from 1916 to 1919, he leaped at the chance to take over the directorship of the Cleveland Foundation, and plunged deep into the development of data with respect to criminal justice, the immigration problem, municipal government and social evils.

In 1923 he went to Columbia as associate professor of government, and in 1928 rose to be professor of public law, but not even this elevation weaned him away from his deep conviction that theories were of small value unless subjected to the test of practice. As early as 1926 he was devoting his spare time to work as research director of the New York State Crime Survey, and as other states began to take an interest in criminal justice and allied problems Dr. Moley's services were called on by Illinois, Missouri, Chicago, Pennsylvania, and even the National Crime Commission.

This work came to the notice of observant Louie Howe, and the Columbia professor was drawn into the Roosevelt gubernatorial campaign of 1928 as a sort of technical handyman. The relation continued, and Franklin Roosevelt's own keen interest in the administration of justice, stimulated by contact with an expert, resulted in the formation of a commission to study and reform the whole system of judicial procedure. Moley was made the research director and did his usual thorough job.

As there came to be fuller appreciation of his abilities and qualities, his counsel was relied on more and more, and it was around the silent, capable Columbia man that they built the famous "brain trust" of the 1932 campaign. Moley took advantage of the summer vacation to travel with the candidate in his private car, and it was to him that Roosevelt turned for much of his data with respect to the tariff, foreign debts, finance and governmental problems. Not an item, it may be mentioned, was ever successfully disputed as to accuracy, for what "Doc" Moley knows, he *knows*.

Here again, however, as in the case of other members of the kitchen cabinet, Dr. Moley is not supreme or alone, for out of his passion for full and accurate information on every subject, Franklin Roosevelt has built up quite a circle of "specialists" upon whom he calls for advice. Among its most prominent members may be mentioned Guy Rexford Tugwell, now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, A. A. Berle, Jr., already called to Washington as the Administration's railroad expert, and Howard Lee McBain, all of Columbia, Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, and General Hugh Johnson.

Tugwell and Berle are economists of distinction, and the latter is by way of having been an infant prodigy, entering Harvard at thirteen, receiving his Bachelor's degree at seventeen and his Master's degree a year later. Both men are progressive to the last degree, bold in their thought, and still possessing the enthusiasms of youth, an asset in itself. McBain is professor of constitutional law at Columbia, and what he doesn't know about government could easily be inserted in a hollow tooth. Like Moley, he likes to put his knowledge to work, and has associated himself at various times with New York movements for better state and municipal rule.

Felix Frankfurter, although born in Vienna, is as finely American as any man in the country. During the war he served as an assistant to the Secretary of War, secretary and counsel to the President's Mediation Commission, and chairman of the War Policies Board, earning a reputation for ability and high courage. No one ever stood more firmly behind his beliefs, for, at the very height of the Sacco-Vanzetti excitement, he came out with a defense of the men that did more than all else to arouse public sentiment and give it a sound base. This, in face of the fact that he was the professor of law at Harvard and that Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, his president, stood strongly on the opposite side.

Open Minds and Doors

When all is said and done, therefore, it seems to be fairly obvious that no one man or set of men has any lien on Franklin Roosevelt's private ear. Howe, Moley, Farley, and various others such as Marvin McIntyre, Stephen Early, young Henry Morgenthau, Tugwell and Berle are bound to him by ties of affectionate association; he has absolute faith in their loyalty and good judgment, but by no means does he keep his eggs in one kitchen-cabinet basket. Senators and congressmen of all parties, university professors, professional men and business men, are included in the presidential advisory board, and are summoned and heard whenever their special abilities are needed.

It is this policy, more than any other one thing, that is at the heart of the New Deal. There are no Closed Minds in Washington nor are there Closed Doors. The offices of Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Early are opened to the world.

Admitting, however, that the Man in the White House is more open to suggestion than any other Chief Executive in history, it will not do to make the mistake of regarding this counsel as *controlling*. Aside from an interest in people that will always find him an eager listener, a pride in the openness of his mind, and a passion for finding things out for himself as much as possible, Franklin Roosevelt has a definite independence of judgment that, in the last analysis, always makes him the master of his own decisions.

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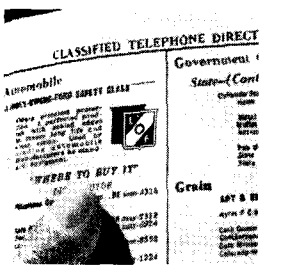

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The Cook's Day In

Continued from page 18

average city and suburban wives who come in are competent cooks already. They want to know more about balanced menus that don't upset the budget, and they'd like to pep up the bill of fare with greater variety. Here, for example, is what the Home Service Division calls Muffins with Variations:

PLAIN MUFFINS

2 cups flour	¾ tspn salt
4 tspns baking powder	1 egg
	1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar	¼ cup melted butter

(Makes 24 small muffins)

Sift flour, measure and sift twice with remaining dry ingredients. Mix liquid ingredients together and combine with the dry. Fill greased muffin tins two thirds full. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°) 15 to 20 minutes for small muffins, 25 to 30 for large muffins. Approximate cost, 13 cents.

The Versatile Muffin

On such a base, you can build any number of different recipes. For Sour Milk Muffins, substitute sour milk for sweet, and ½ teaspoon of soda and 2 of baking powder for the original 4 teaspoons of baking powder. For Corn Meal Muffins, use ¾ cup corn meal and 1¼ cups flour instead of the 2 of flour in Sour Milk Muffins. For Whole Wheat or Bran, put in a cup of the new flour and a cup of white, instead of all white as in Sour Milk Muffins, using brown instead of granulated sugar. For Rice Muffins, add ¾ cup cooked rice to the liquid ingredients of Plain Muffins and increase the flour to 2¼ cups.

These are just starters. Why not try adding a cup of finely chopped apple to the dry contents of either Plain or Sour? Or, in season, mix 2 tablespoons of sugar and ¾ cup fresh blueberries into the flour? Any time is date, orange, or raisin and nut time. For Date Muffins, add ½ cup chopped dates to the dry ingredients—or turn the novelty trick with 1 cup of diced orange—or ¼ cup chopped raisins and the same quantity of chopped nuts.

For a dress-up lunch, Cheese Muffins are good with the salad—½ cup grated cheese added to the dry ingredients. Or substitute ⅓ cup peanut butter for the dairy variety in the Plain Muffins, cutting it into the dry ingredients that have already witnessed so much variety.

After such of them as need fundamentals have mastered first principles, what do these women want to learn most? Cake, says Miss Althea Lepper, chief priestess of the whole show, a graduate engineer who likes to get into an apron and apply her theories where they'll do the most good. Starting with Everyday Cake, any lady with the smallest financial leeway can produce many variations, using the same technique worked out on the muffin problem.

EVERYDAY CAKE

2 cups cake flour	1 cup sugar
3 tspns baking powder	2 egg yolks
	⅔ cup milk
¼ tspn salt	1 tspn vanilla
½ cup butter	2 egg whites

Sift flour, measure and sift twice with baking powder and salt. Work butter until creamy; add sugar gradually, beating until light. Add beaten egg yolks, then sifted dry ingredients and milk alternately. Flavor and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into well-greased pan and bake. Approximate cost, 15 cents.

Two 8-inch layers—moderately hot (375°) oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

Loaf—8x4x2¾ inches, moderate oven (350°) for one hour.

For Chocolate Cake, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and 3 squares of melted unsweetened chocolate are added to the butter and sugar mixture, and 1¼ cups milk replace the ⅔ cup. For Gold Cake, 6 egg yolks take over the job of the 2, 5 tablespoons of butter go in instead of the half-cup, and 1½ tablespoons of grated orange rind with 2 tablespoons of orange juice are put with the sugar and egg mixture.

For gala occasions, try Seven-Minute Frosting, using the family's favorite flavoring. Or cream 4 tablespoons butter and ½ cup sifted confectioner's sugar, add 1 tablespoon milk, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups more sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla or anything else you like. Beat till very smooth, putting in more sugar if necessary to spread.

Naturally an aggregation like Miss Lepper's bouquet of Home Economics experts under such a leader work out revolutionary ideas from time to time. The latest concerns the right temperature for roasting meats.

Instead of the old idea that you use a high temperature to sear (550°), reducing the heat after a small kitchen is thoroughly steamed up and the cook is about to have apoplexy unless she possesses a well-insulated range—or the newer idea that you should use a low temperature (250°) throughout, when cooking time is tiresomely prolonged, Miss Lepper and her cohorts cast their votes for 350° throughout.

Here's the process broken down into steps: 1. Turn the heat control to 350°. 2. Allow 15 minutes for preheating. 3. Weigh meat or fowl, taking weight as dressed. 4. Place on rack in shallow pan—broiler and rack can generally be used. 5. Don't cover. 6. Rare—roast 20 minutes to the pound for beef. Medium—25 minutes for beef, pork, lamb or fowl. Well-done—30 minutes for beef, pork and lamb; 25 to 30 for fowl.

Salmon at Its Best

"Did you ever see a prettier finish than that?" said Miss Lepper, opening the oven door on a succulent exhibit that made us wish we had the apple sauce handy, "or that?" passing to an invitation that included green peas. Suddenly our noses wrinkled in another direction. This wasn't a roast of any kind but it smelled powerfully good. Estelle from Jamaica, West Indies, seemed to be its originator.

Here's what Estelle made:

JAMAICA SALMON

1 medium-sized onion	⅛ tspn pepper
	¼ tspn salt
1 ripe tomato	3 to 4 tblspns butter
1 small green pepper	1 small can salmon

Fry onion, green pepper and tomato in butter till tender. Add salmon and cook till heated through.

"Cooking is fun," Miss Lepper and I decided, as we communed with Estelle's masterpiece on two slices of toast. "Don't you suppose a lot of women who didn't cook before the depression will go on cooking after? That Grand Marnier girl looked as excited over the pecan pie as most of them do at the bridge table—and a whole lot pleasanter. Come to think of it, did you ever hear a man get so excited about his wife's game that he asked her please—for the love of Pete!—to play it over again tomorrow? Good cooking's almost sure of a repeat order, with compliments."

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Anything Might Happen

Continued from page 21

the street just in time to see him bending, staring under the roadster at a wide, dark pool. She remembered him backing into the telephone pole. He said angrily, "I can't go a mile." Abbie stooped down beside him and looked. There was only a thin trickle now from a rent near the bottom of the gas tank. "She sails at one o'clock," he groaned.

"I'll drive you in my car," Abbie offered.

Once out of sight of Milltown, Abbie opened up and Martin Barron spoke.

"I was in Chicago," Martin Barron said. "Elizabeth wanted me to come back. She wrote and said if I didn't come back she was going to Europe."

"Europe—"

"She was bored. She wrote and said, 'What am I supposed to do all day—tat?'"

"This Elizabeth—"

"She's my fiancée."

"Oh— Does she always get bored and go somewhere?"

"Well, she's never had anything much to occupy her."

"Why didn't you come back from Chicago?"

"I couldn't. It was business. Damn it, she knew I couldn't. I flew east as soon as I could. I got in this morning and went to her house. Her father said that she and her mother had left the night before and were sailing today for Europe. My car was outside and I started right away. I guess I must have left my topcoat at her house. I'll stop her if I get there in time."

"We'll get there in time. She must be a decided sort of girl."

"She is."

"Didn't you write from Chicago and tell her how it was?"

"I did; I told her. She had had to postpone our wedding once. I said I'd come back as soon as I had everything cleaned up and then we would get married."

"And she went anyhow?"

"She went."

There was silence.

Abbie drove the coupé relentlessly.

She was going to get him to New York in time to stop some little cat named Elizabeth from sailing to Europe, so he could marry her. Why not? He wasn't anything to her but just somebody who was marrying the wrong girl. She supposed he was called Mart . . . Mart. It sounded like a nice man in a gray tweed suit.

"I DON'T even know your name," he said suddenly.

Abbie slumped down so that she was peering through the spokes of the steering wheel, a slim little figure in the polo coat and sports felt hat. "Abbie Harris," she told him.

"Do you come from down there?"

"Leesburg, Virginia."

"Leesburg. I've been there."

They dashed across the dismal smoke-wreathed flats along Newark Bay. Martin Barron sat with his feet on Abbie's rescued bag, and Abbie sat driving with her mind not on her work at all.

They were talking eagerly now. He knew people in Leesburg—and she knew people in Baltimore. It was incredible!

As the car swayed, his shoulder touched hers. He had broad shoulders. He wasn't the kind of man who would get florid and flabby in middle age. He was hard-knit.

He told her about the foundry. She told him about being a buyer for Gandel's. She told him about Luella.

Abbie thought of Luella. Anything might happen, Luella had said. It was a little ridiculous and bewildering.

And then they were swooping down into the Holland Tunnel and Abbie awoke from a dream, and grimly she said, "We'll make it all right," and felt weak and tragic.

He told her the number of the pier, and asked if she knew where it was.

She nodded, and drove fast, dodging the helter-skelter waterfront traffic. She had a fantastic thought: If they smashed up, his Elizabeth would go to Paris and they'd carry him and her off to a hospital—together.

They were already at the pier. She slid into a parking space and stopped.

He climbed out of the car. He stood there, fumbled nervously in his pockets and pulled out a cigarette.

"Thanks for—for getting me here—"

"Hurry. You haven't much time—"

He turned away then without another word and walked toward the pier house. Cabs were swooping by up to the entrance, which was all confusion. She watched him vanish into the crowd.

ON THE pier two persons stared up at a girl leaning gracefully against the rail of the great liner. She was a tall, bored, blond girl in a lapin jacket. A stout woman stood beside her.

Abbie Harris was one of the persons staring up at the blonde. She knew that this was Elizabeth. She was sure of that from the way Martin, walking toward the gangplank, was looking up at her. She became absorbed in a bitter scrutiny of the blonde. When she looked for him again, Martin had disappeared. Abbie waited for the climax.

"That's she," said a voice in Abbie's ear.

It was Martin.

She gasped inanely, "Haven't you gone up?"

"I'm not going. Goodby, fiancée."

He gripped Abbie's arm and started off, his shoulders hunched. Suddenly the deep roar of the whistle filled the pier house. He stopped.

"She can go to Paris—and stay there, if she wants," he shouted to Abbie above the whistle's clamor. "I never loved her. I was just her trained bear."

His grip on her arm was so tight it hurt. He was a man of quick decisions and a forceful attitude. The whistle of the steamer sent another blast after them and she discovered that they were half running. Then they stopped and laughed, and sauntered down the long steps from the pier to the street.

"Well, it was a nice sailing, wasn't it?" he remarked. "I get a kick out of these sailings."

"Doesn't it make you want to go?"

"It certainly does, doesn't it?"

They had reached the car and Abbie got inside quickly. Martin stood on the curb looking at her.

She asked, "Where are you going now? Can't I drop you somewhere?"

"You could—a telegraph office so I can wire for some money." He got in and straddled the black bag. "Then I suppose you *can* drop me," he added lugubriously.

She pretended not to notice. "I was thinking—those are broilers in that bag—"

"Broilers—in that bag—"

"Luella likes to cook up Southern dishes. Why don't you come to dinner?"

"I'd like to meet Luella. What is she going to say about—all this?"

Abbie laughed with a sudden recollection, and the coupé threaded its way across town to Luella, who had been afraid something would happen.

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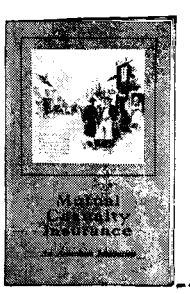

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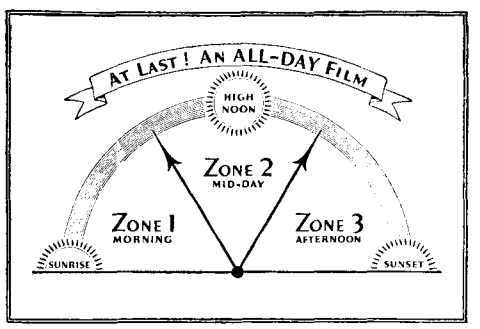

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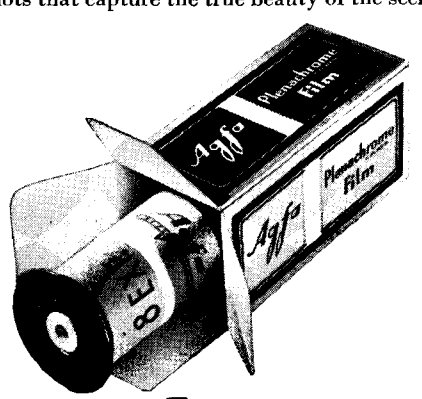

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Slander

Continued from page 19

for Letty, and I'd rather cut off my right ear. How can I tell by looking at a woman whether she can make nice desserts, or if she minds being suddenly informed that there are three extra for dinner? You say you have nothing to do? Why don't you go and look her over?"

Millie eyed him shrewdly; she saw that his bronzed face was lined, and that there were dark blots below his eyes.

"I'll take the job on for you," she said. "Where do I go?"

"Agatha Detwiler. The cook ought to be there now. The salary is settled, but Letty just wants her looked over. Will you do it?"

"If you'll take Jinny and myself to luncheon. You can't expect people to do things for nothing."

He hesitated, and Millie read his thoughts.

"Don't be absurd, Herbie. You can't hide away forever. Anyone would think you were ashamed. You ought to be proud. Every one of your friends is proud of you."

"They must be," said Cranston bitterly.

"Well, they are," insisted Millie. "You're by way of being a bit of a hero. You and Pete Baxter are living proofs that chivalry isn't dead."

"Oh, come, Millie," he protested.

"All right, try it out if you don't believe me. Drop into one of your clubs and see what happens."

He stared at her.

"All right, I'll do what you tell me," he said.

THE luncheon was pleasant. Mrs. Gerardie had to leave at a quarter to two, but Millie asserted that she felt greedy and must have dessert. But when she was left alone with Cranston she abruptly dismissed the waiter who had heard her plea for ice cream.

"I know where Martha is," she said.

Cranston's haggard face turned white. For a moment he couldn't speak, and when he did his voice was hoarse.

"What do you mean? Tell me," he demanded.

"Agatha Detwiler told me. I made her. Martha is a governess-companion to a young girl named Gray. She's in Blairsport, Michigan."

"Governess? What on earth are you telling me?"

"The truth," said Millie. "When I told Agatha that you looked like death, that you are unhappy beyond belief, she blurted out the whole story. Martha came to her last Monday morning. She wanted a job. Agatha got her one that very day. She is using the name of Clara Tranter, and she is employed by Mrs. John Gray in Blairsport, Michigan. It looks as though the next move is up to you."

"It certainly does," said Cranston. He signaled a waiter and asked for his check. "Mind if we end this luncheon now?"

"Next stop Blairsport?" smiled Millie.

"The next stop is Blairsport," he replied.

"All the luck in the world, Herbie."

"Thank you, Millie. You're a great girl," he told her.

"Am I? I often wonder," said Millie. With which enigmatic remark she waved him on his way.

In the ladies' dressing-room Millie made up her lips and powdered her nose with an assiduity that she had not employed in a long time. The maid in attendance raised her eyebrows as for the third time Miss Cragin corrected a slight detail at the left corner of her mouth. The pretty Miss Cragin must have an important beau this afternoon.

But the maid was only partly right. There was an important beau—if a man loved but not loving can be termed a beau—but there was also an important matter of conscience to settle.

Millie was still wrestling with her conscience when she left the restaurant. She was still bothered with it when she entered the news-reel theater a few blocks downtown. And an hour later she had come to no decision. On Fifty-eighth Street was another movie theater. She sat through a feature not seeing anything and hearing nothing. Still undecided, she took a taxi to her apartment. From there she telephoned the Doyles that a blinding headache would prevent her from arriving today; if they'd forgive her she'd try to come out for the week-end tomorrow morning.

She had the restaurant in the apartment building send her up a dinner. She ate it in negligee. Twice during the meal she picked up the telephone and asked for Baxter's number, and both times she hung up before he answered. Restless, she tried to read after dinner. Then she dressed, went downstairs, stepped in a taxi and gave the address of St. John's Clinic. At Forty-second Street she countermanded the order and was driven to a movie on Broadway. But at eleven o'clock she pushed open the unlocked door of St. John's Clinic.

Peter Baxter looked up from his desk.

"You haven't rung me up," said Millie. She was conscious that she looked lovely as she walked down the long room.

"I've been frightfully busy," Baxter said.

He rose and took the hand which she extended. She sank, with conscious grace, into a chair, and looked up at him.

"It's no use, is it, Peter?"

His freckles were submerged beneath a wave of color.

"What's no use?" he evaded.

"Bless the man's heart," smiled Millie. "Chivalrous always. You just will misunderstand, won't you, Peter?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Baxter.

"Then I'll have to put it in words of one syllable," said Millie. "Pete, I'm in love with you. Now, where do we go from there?"

HIS embarrassment was agony. "You don't mean that," he told her.

"Don't I? If you only knew," she said. She eyed him appraisingly. "Some day I'm going to give myself a great big laugh about this, Pete, but just now it isn't funny at all. You're the last man in the world I'd have guessed I'd care for. I don't like your profession, and I don't see myself in the picture at all. I'd be miserable as a doctor's wife. Yet that's what I want to be, Pete. I don't know why I want that, any more than I know why I've lost all my pride. You know, if you asked me to marry you now, I wouldn't do it. I would have pride enough to be unwilling to accept pity, even though I seem to have no pride left."

She raised a hand to stop the speech imminent on his lips.

"Don't say anything—not for a while, Pete. Let me talk." She lighted a cigarette and puffed it for a moment. "No, I wouldn't want you unless you wanted me as much as I wanted you. And you'd never do that. I know it. I knew it last Sunday night when I did everything but

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ask you to marry me. You haven't telephoned me since I called here."

"I—couldn't. I—have been frightfully—"

"I know. Don't bother to explain. I've made it pretty hard for you. And in a way I'm sorry. You're too nice, Pete, to be made to suffer by a thing like this. I'm going to do something decent. I lunched with Herbie Cranston today. He's on a train for Blairsport, Michigan, right this minute."

Baxter's blue eyes widened.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said.

"I learned today where Martha Blaisdell is. I told Cranston. I know perfectly well that if he goes out to see her it won't take him long to persuade her to marry him. I didn't intend to tell you. I know you're in love with Martha. But if she marries Cranston—and she'll do it, and she'll do it right away if I know anything at all about women—you're the kind of man who will recognize that your hope is ended. You're not very modern, Pete. Lots of men, when a girl gets married, keep on hoping. They know there's such a thing as divorce. But you wouldn't recognize that. You'd die a thousand deaths, and then a smart girl like myself might catch you. But I don't want to be smart. I don't want to be mean. So I've come down here to tell you. Martha Blaisdell doesn't know—she didn't ten days ago, anyway—whether she was in love with you or Herbie. Don't ask me to explain how I know this. I don't know it; I just feel it. But I'll back my feelings against anyone else's certain knowledge. Pete, Herbie is on his way to Martha. If you want her, act quickly."

"AREN'T you being a trifle melodramatic?" Baxter asked.

"Am I? Maybe I am. I think that all emotion is melodrama. I think that melodrama is life. I know that in the mood that Martha must be in it won't take much persuasion to make her give in. I know that you're in love with her. I know that Herbie is. I know that she feels she couldn't marry anyone after all that has happened, but I also know that any woman in her mood is easily won by the right man. If you care enough—what are you going to do?"

Baxter looked at her gravely.

"I'm going to take you home and prescribe for you that you go to bed."

"And you're not going out to see Martha?"

"Of course not," he told her. He hesitated a moment, fumbled with a book upon his desk, avoided her eyes. Then he looked straight at her. "You're a grand person, Millie. I think you're about the gamest girl I ever knew. I think you're swell."

She rose and almost ran to the door.

"I've a taxi here," she called. "Don't take me home. And—and—I won't see you any more, so—goodby, Pete. I think I'll sail tomorrow night. The shooting isn't over in Scotland and the Teasdales want me. Goodby and good luck, Pete."

THE chairman of the board of directors of the Missionary Medical Foundation looked around the table at his colleagues.

"Shall we ask Dr. Baxter to leave for a moment?" he asked.

A murmur ran around the table; the chairman interpreted it as negative.

"We have talked to Dr. Baxter and we have heard him talk. We have thoroughly investigated his record at St. John's Clinic. We know that he is most emphatically the type of man that we need. But Dr. Baxter has figured, as we all know, in the newspapers as one of the participants in an affair that was most unfortunate. My own view is that Dr. Baxter behaved indiscreetly. But if I had a son I would wish that he, under similar circumstances, would behave with the same gallant indiscretion. Shall we accept him, gentlemen?"

This time there could be no possible misinterpretation of the murmur of approval that ran around the table. The chairman turned to Baxter. His thin, ascetic lips smiled faintly.

"I suppose that outsiders would think we were rather absurd in being so rigid about the qualifications and characters of the physicians we send into the heart of China. Considering the small salary we pay, considering the life of sacrifice we offer, the world would be justified in thinking that we should be grateful to get any man, no matter what his character or qualifications. That is because the world doesn't realize that the medical profession is crowded with men who think nothing of money and who laugh at sacrifice and privation. There were fifty candidates for the place which we have assigned to you, Dr. Baxter. Not one of those candidates was a failure. Every one of them is willing to abandon an honorable career with prospects of success in order that he may serve mankind according to his conscience.

"You are going into the interior of China. Your headquarters will be in the village of TaiPing, and the nearest white man will be three hundred miles from you. You will live almost as the natives live. You will be there three years before you will receive a holiday. You will live uncomfortably; there will be times even of privation. There will never be any monetary reward worth considering. The chances are that you will never gain fame. It may be that you will have a chance to invent some serum or other—I am not a physician and do not understand these things, but I doubt if you will ever have the oppor-

(Continued on page 42)

"If you boys will excuse me, I'm going up under the smoking car for a few puffs!" *George Shellhase*

Their safety is his chief concern

AND THE EQUITABLE CASE METHOD WILL HELP MR. PEMBERTON ASSURE IT

George Pemberton's earnest wish is to shield his children until they are old enough to take care of themselves.

"But how can I make sure?" he asked an Equitable agent.

Following the principles of the Case Method, our representative studied Mr. Pemberton's individual situation—his age, income, investments, obligations, his plans and ambitions for family and self.

"Here is a program made exactly to your measure," the agent reported a few days later.

It provided a monthly income to support Mrs. Pemberton and to bring up and educate the children, this income to be considerably greater until the boys reach twenty-one and, after that, ample to take care of Mrs. Pemberton the rest of her life. All payments guaranteed.

"Another point," said the agent, "is that you will be piling up a cash reserve in your policy. If you live until the children are grown and established, you can use this for a retirement income."

"I like it all," replied Mr. Pemberton. And when he learned that for only $15 a week he could secure such positive protection for his wife and his children, he adopted the plan.

Let an Equitable agent apply the Case Method to your financial problem

You have your own hopes and plans—a good education for your children, a retirement income for yourself, your home left free and clear, etc. An Equitable representative, thoroughly experienced in this Company's Case Method, will study your needs and give you information on a life insurance program "custom made" to fit.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States 49-C
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President.* 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.
I am interested in your "Case Method" of adapting life insurance to specific needs. Kindly send explanatory booklet.

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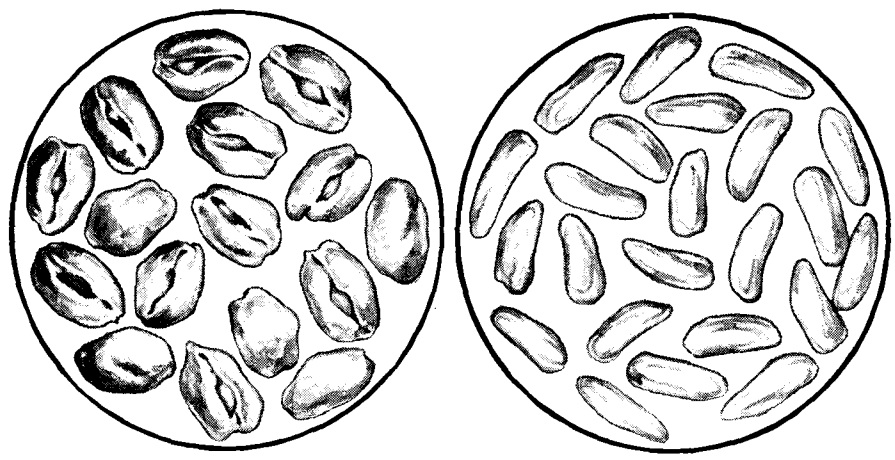
Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**



Exact size of grains, with the coats unbroken, after they are puffed to eight times their natural size.

The Food That's Shot From Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Show them these grains, with the coats unbroken, puffed to eight times their natural size.

Serve them this crisp and delicious food—four times as porous as bread. It will melt in the mouth.

Your folks will say, "Why, this is great. Let us have it every morning."

Exploded by Steam

This is the way we make it:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into bronze guns. Then those guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into myriads of particles. Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it remains unbroken—shaped as before.

Puffed Wheat, 10c—Puffed Rice, 15c

You owe these most delightful foods to Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He was seeking a way to break up starch granules, as no other process does.

Starch that is unbroken will not digest. And cooking breaks up only part of it.

So he sought a way to blast every granule to pieces by exploding the moisture in it.

When he did this, he found that he had created the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Serve it Tomorrow

You are missing a new delight—something you won't go without when you know it.

Get both the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Some like one the better—some the other.

But your folks will like either one of them better than any other cereal food in existence. Begin tomorrow morning.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from page 41)

tunity to contribute anything important to science. But you will be able to serve ignorant and ailing people.

"That will be your only reward, and this knowledge will be your only solace in loneliness. You aren't even married; you will have no companion to share your trials. And yet, despite the hardships before you, I know that you feel elated and proud at the opportunity we are giving you. And we are happy that we are sending to TaiPing a man as capable as yourself. We congratulate ourselves and we also congratulate you, Doctor."

Baxter bowed.

"Thank you very much, sir," he said.

"And you're leaving today?" asked the chairman.

Baxter smiled.

"I've turned over the Clinic to a doctor who has occasionally assisted me. I go from here to the train."

"You were prompt," smiled the chairman. "We notified you on Saturday and you're leaving today. Two days is quick work. Good luck to you, Doctor."

"Thank you again, sir, and thanks to all you gentlemen," said Peter.

He shook hands with the directors and went out into the sunlight.

He breathed deeply; his heart pounded with excitement. This was what he had wanted; his application had been before the Foundation for fourteen months, and unexpectedly it had been acted upon. To give his life to people who needed desperately the services that he could give! To combat disease in a land of ignorance and superstition and misery! It was the thing toward which he had looked since he had entered medical school, the goal for which he had striven. As his taxi took him downtown to the Grand Central Station where his bags awaited him, he thought of Millie. Bless her heart; she was great, but even if he had been able to return her love she could never have faced what lay ahead of him.

He thought of Martha Blaisdell, and his eyes darkened. By now Cranston had found her, had broken down her resistance, had made her forget the pride—it must have been that—which had made her run away. But he mustn't think of Martha Blaisdell. In the years to come the ache in his heart would lessen. Anyway, under no possible circumstances could she ever have cared for him. It had been decent and fine and chivalrous of Millie to tell him where she was, but it had also been ridiculous. Martha Blaisdell was in love with Bert Cranston; she was not the kind of girl who could ever have looked at his gangling figure, at his freckled face, and found him attractive. And he was glad that he was going thousands of miles away, where he would never encounter her, where at length she would become nothing more than a dim, sweet memory.

BERT CRANSTON got off the train at Blairsport, Michigan, at seven o'clock in the morning. He took a taxi to a dingy commercial hotel, eying with distaste the uninteresting streets through which he passed. Perhaps the residential section of the town was pretty, but the business part promised little. What a hole for a girl like Martha to be buried in. He smiled. She would be easier of persuasion after five days here than she would have been on the first day. Perhaps it was as well that he hadn't found her hideaway earlier.

He breakfasted, not too well, at the hotel, engaged a room, freshened himself with a bath, and at ten o'clock a taxi deposited him at the easily ascertained address of Mrs. John Gray.

To the servant who answered his ring he gave his name and asked to see Miss Tranter. His name evoked no memories of recent headlines in the maid's mind; she merely was conscious of the fact that the new governess had friends as nice as she was. She looked approvingly at the caller.

"Miss Tranter isn't in."

"She'll be back soon? Perhaps I could wait for her."

"Not until Monday night," said the maid.

Cranston's heart skipped a beat. This was Saturday morning. How could he endure waiting three days and two nights?

"Where is she?" he asked.

"She and Mrs. Gray and Miss Sallie left an hour ago on a motor trip. I know they're going to see Niagara Falls, but I don't think they'll stop in any hotel there. They're visiting friends of Mrs. Gray in Buffalo."

"You know the name of the friend?"

The maid didn't.

DISCONSOLATELY Cranston returned to his hotel. There was no use in going to Buffalo. The only thing he could do was muster what patience he could and wait until Monday night.

Saturday was torture and Sunday was agony. But Monday was brightened by the fact that the evening would bring Martha.

It did bring her. At six o'clock he phoned the Gray mansion and asked for Miss Tranter. In a moment he heard her voice.

"Bert!" she cried.

"You knew it was I?" he asked.

"If the maid hadn't told me ten minutes ago that you had called I'd have recognized your voice, you silly thing. Did that wicked old Agatha give me away?"

"You really mean she's wicked?" he asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps not. You shouldn't have come here, but now that you have—"

"You'll see me?" he asked.

"Of course I will," she answered. "I can't ask you to dinner. A governess must mind her place, you know. But if you'll come out after dinner—and we dine early—I'd love it."

"In two hours," he told her.

Mrs. Gray and her daughter, exhausted by the long motor trip, had retired when Cranston arrived. A servant showed him into a living-room and he was alone with the girl he loved.

He walked to where she sat; she rose and his arms went around her.

"How could you do such a thing to the man you love?" he demanded. "You do love me, don't you?"

"I'm not sure, Bert," she replied.

He released her, but he smiled.

"It will be my pleasant task to make you certain, Martha," he told her.

She sat down and he drew a chair close to hers.

"I know what's in your mind, my dear," he began. "Scandal. But that's too silly. We love each other. At least I love you and I'm pretty sure that you love me. You mustn't let pride wreck our happiness."

"Are you sure you'd be happy with me?" she asked.

"A man who's hung around this town for three days has served Jacob's seven years. He has proved his devotion fully. Happy with you? This I know: I'll be most miserable without you."

"I wonder," she said. "I've had time to think. I've been wondering. I still haven't made up my mind. I came here because I had to earn my living, but also because I wanted to get away. I wanted to have a chance, without any pressure upon me, to make up my mind. Bert, I haven't made it up yet."

"Is that fair to me?" he asked.

"It's because I want to be fair to you that I ran away, that I hesitate now. Bert, let's not talk of it for a little while.

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I promise you, before you leave tonight I'll tell you whether or not I'll marry you."

She rose from her chair, adjusted a photograph on a table, walked to the radio and turned it on. She glanced over her shoulder at him.

"Mind music?" she asked.

He recognized her nervousness and smiled at her.

"I don't mind anything," he told her.

OUT of the radio came a voice:

"This is station WKFA. Through the courtesy of the Pittsburgh Times we are giving news flashes. The Caribou Flyer was wrecked at six o'clock this evening twenty miles outside of Buffalo. There were thirty dead and a hundred injured. The express train collided with a freight. Great heroism was shown by those not injured. John B. Curtis, former congressman from New York, entered a burning car and saved three women from death. Sammy Wilkins, member of last year's Olympic team, rescued two men from the wreck. He probably will never run again, as his ankle was broken. Dr. Peter Baxter, who figured in the newspapers two weeks ago in the Blaisdell-Gerrish scandal, was badly burned in an effort to save a dying man. The doctor had already dragged six people from the wreck. The injured were taken to the hospital and to private homes in the little town of Abdegon, New York. . . . Senator Cadwalader declared today at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in Birmingham, Alabama, that he would not run again this fall. . . . Mayor Thaddeus C.—"

She shut the radio off and stared at Cranston.

"Did you hear? Peter! Abdegon. We passed through it today. Bert! We must go there—now."

"Go there! What on earth do you mean? Pete's all right. The announcer said that he'd saved other people."

"But he said he'd been badly burned," she cried. "We don't know how badly. He may be dying."

He stared at her, bewildered.

"But it's a couple of hundred miles from here, isn't it?"

She shook her head.

"Not over a hundred and fifty. We could do it, at night, in four hours. And we've got to do it." Her voice rose.

"But why?" he asked. "What can we do for Pete?"

"We're his friends. I don't know what we can do, but we ought to do something," she insisted.

"But we'd only be in the way," he argued. "God knows, if we could do anything for Pete—but we can't. I'll send a wire to the mayor of the town—"

"Can't we telephone somebody?" she interposed. "Bert, we just can't sit here doing nothing while Pete is suffering. We can't!"

Her voice was pitched even higher now. Cranston, looking at her, remembered Baxter's confession of love on that tragic day when they had found Gerrish's body.

"I'll do everything I can," he said. "If you want I'll get a car and drive to Abdegon now."

"That's what I want. I'll tell Mrs. Gray that I have to go—"

"But you can't go," he protested.

"Why not?"

"We won't get there until long after midnight. You're tired from your trip today. There won't be room in a hotel. You know a little town hasn't accommodation for the crowd that will pour in there."

"What difference does that make? I can sit up all night."

"You're excited," he told her. "You'd only be in the way. You can't do anything."

"I don't care whether I can or not. I'm going."

"Please. Be reasonable, Martha. You heard that radio announcer. He said that Pete had figured in the Blaisdell-Gerrish scandal. Why revive that scandal? My God, if you go there, the papers will get hold of it and they'll print the whole thing over again. All they need is a dramatic excuse to revive it. You don't want that."

"I don't see why they'd do that."

"Common sense ought to show you why. You and I and Baxter, united again at his bedside. Why, the papers couldn't overlook it. He came to your rescue two weeks ago. Now you come to his. If you begged them to print your name and your picture, you couldn't succeed better than you will if you go to see Peter. I won't have it, Martha."

Her eyes hardened.

"You mean that because of more scandal you'd let me fail Peter now?"

"But you aren't failing him. I've told you that you can't do any good. You ought to be able to see that. All you can do is cause more newspaper talk about the thing we both want forgotten. Martha, if you won't do it for yourself, won't you do it for me? Stay here; let me go. Won't that do?"

"I HAVE to go," she said. "Don't argue with me, please. But take me. Take me to Peter. Right away."

"And what about the answer you were to give me tonight?" he demanded.

"How can you ask me that now?" she evaded. "Bert, Peter may be dying. We have to go."

He stared at her a full half minute. Then he spoke:

"Martha, are you by any chance in love with Peter?"

Her face went dead white.

"I—I don't know," she replied.

"I do," he said. "Get a wrap and hat. I'll take you to Peter."

(To be concluded next week)

"Yes'm, that's the general himself out in front and in the background youse kin see the vanguard of the Hessians appearin' over the ridge"

Edward Gressley

That fagged feeling you so often wake up with gets no farther than your shaving mirror . . . if Williams Shaving Cream waits for you there.

Mild, moist lather . . . lather that *stays* moist. All stiff resistance goes out of the beard. The razor glides quickly, smoothly, closely. And don't forget the economy of Williams! A little cream makes a marvelous mask of lather.

Remember, too, that Williams is lather for the *skin* as well as the *beard.* Pure. Neutral. It never nettles. Never leaves a taut or parchy after-feel.

Williams leaves you Face-Fit for the day. Millions won't do without it. But if it's new to you, give it a try. See what kind of shave is waiting for you!

**AQUA VELVA for after shaving. Tingling, wake-up tonic that keeps your face as fresh and fit all day as Williams lather leaves it. Try it!*

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
Glastonbury, Conn. Montreal, Can.

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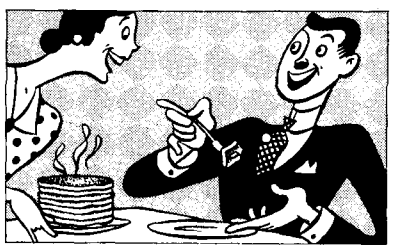
A TIP TO BRIDES !

HUSBANDS LOVE



GRIDDLE CAKES

with LOG CABIN SYRUP

IT'S because of the special way this delicious syrup is made! A blend of three distinct sugars—Vermont and Canadian maple and choice cane. Just the right *body* to transform pancakes and waffles into a tender breakfast treat. And incomparably delicious flavor, too! Children love the Log Cabin tin, with its funny little characters. A product of General Foods.

Like SPRINGS on your razor

YOU'LL almost believe your razor's taken a new lease on life, the minute you let it bury its edge in the creamy lather of Squibb Shaving Cream.

For Squibb's actually cushions the blade . . . makes it seem to ride on ball bearings. Gone are all the rasps, the tugs, and the bites. The blade glides.

And what a welcome sense of comfort Squibb's leaves you after shaving. It contains oils essential to the comfort of the skin. Try Squibb's and feel the difference.

Send 10c for a generous tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, 2206 Squibb Building, New York.

•*Squibb Talcum for men—the last shaving touch.*

SQUIBB
SHAVING CREAM

Captain Belson's Mate

Continued from page 8

eyes, fair hair, tiny nose and a firm chin. And she was calm. That annoyed him. She talked to him, damn it, as if she were a man!

"Well, you needed a lesson and you got it," he said brutally.

"You can't talk to my sister like that," said Morton Sears, his face flushing. Belson looked down at him and laughed. Madelon Sears put a hand on her brother's arm and checked him.

"I'll see you in the office, Morton," she said. Her brother hesitated and finally turned away. The girl appraised Belson minutely, taking her time about him.

"You'll last," she said coldly, "about another six months. We don't care for strangers in Sears Harbor."

BELSON stuck his thumbs in his belt and his eyes were a little hard.

"I'll last as long as I please," he said. "And if you weren't a woman I'd give you a thrashing. If it'd been a man who endangered my ship and crew and then got fresh about it he wouldn't be on his feet now talking to me!"

He got her there. He saw a touch of color come to her cheeks and she bit her lips.

"I'm often sorry I'm not a man," she said with an effort at calmness. "But to be fair I'll say you are right about that accident. It was my fault and I'm sorry."

"You ought to be," he observed. She nodded, tightening.

"I don't expect you to be a gentleman, of course," she said. "So I'll let that pass. But I'll shorten my time for you to stay. You'll only last three months."

"I'll bet five hundred."

"Make it a thousand."

"Why the chicken feed? I'll bet you the Cardigan against the Annie Sears that I'm still trading into this port three months from today."

She hesitated for the fraction of a second and then the harsh challenge of his voice swept away her caution.

"That's a bet!" she said crisply. "Do you want it in writing?"

He stared at her for a long moment and then shook his head.

"Your word's good, I guess."

"You are very kind," she said icily. "Goodby."

She passed on, frowning a little. He had made her uneasy. No man in Sears Harbor before had looked at her so directly and unmoved, nor spoken so. He was strong, and a fighter. She had a vague premonition that something was going to happen. Belson stared after her and swore as he bit the end from a cigar.

"Now what in hell made me bet the Cardigan?" he demanded. "She's got the edge and she means business."

He swung round and rejoined his mate some distance away. "Well?" said the mate.

"Well, what?" snapped Belson. "We're cutting freight rates today instead of next trip. I'm going to get all the free-lance mills away from Sears if I go broke doing it!"

"STOKES!" said Madelon Sears to her general manager a month later, "I see we lost two consignments yesterday. That makes five altogether."

Stokes fingered his mustache and shrugged. He was a distant cousin, owning a few shares in the company, and she had brought him into the business out of kindness. He had turned out to be efficient in his way, a money maker, though a little unscrupulous.

"What else do you expect?" he pointed out. "This Belson fellow's been cutting freights right along."

"We've cut lower each time."

"And he goes lower still and sews up his mills with long-term contracts. Talks 'em into it somehow."

"Where does he get his money? He can't be doing much more than making expenses."

Stokes shrugged again.

"I looked into that. Thought we might buy up his notes but he seems well fixed. New York wrote me he'd made a lot of money a year or so ago. Raised a sunken steamer with bullion on board. And then he trades into other ports besides this, you know. The other trade would cover what he loses with the local mill shipments."

Madelon Sears flung down her pencil with a sudden gesture of anger.

"Well, get rid of him, Stokes! I'm sick of seeing him around. Arrange it so he can't buy stores or ship's gear here. And you might see if those local contracts of his can't be broken. I'll better any rates he offers. If this goes on we'll have half our own ships leaving here empty."

"It'll be expensive getting rid of him," Stokes pointed out. "Especially a rate war. You might let me try other ways first."

She looked at him sharply.

"I'm a bit suspicious of your other ways, Stokes. One man we drove out lost his ship at sea under somewhat peculiar circumstances. And another got mixed up with a woman and a lawsuit. I want nothing like that. Understand?"

Stokes said nothing. He was certainly not going to see the firm drop a couple of hundred thousand just to get rid of one man and one ship. He'd find some other way. Madelon was all right but a fool sometimes. She needed a husband who could handle things, like himself.

MADELON lighted a cigarette and walked to the window that overlooked the harbor. She stared somewhat morosely at the Cardigan lying alongside a wharf, the winches rattling and slingload after slingload of cargo dropping into her holds while the Annie Sears, a wharf farther down, was loading nothing at all. Her brother came and stood beside her. He was sailing on the Annie Sears that afternoon and he looked gloomy.

"That Belson's sure taking away business," he said. "Not only here but down the coast. I heard in Port Townsend he'd opened an office to solicit freight there."

"He won't be here much longer," she promised with a touch of grimness. "The mills he contracted will be coming to our bank some day for loans. Then we'll see."

But she was not so sure they would see. She put her arm through her brother's and went out with him, and Captain Belson, who had been sitting in a café across the street, hurriedly withdrew from the window. He had only taken to using that café since he had discovered it faced the offices of Sears and Company; and that was peculiar. But then he had been doing many peculiar things of late.

He had discovered, for instance, that if he stood in the bridge wing of the Cardigan when she was in port, and if he used a powerful telescope, he could often perceive a young lady walking about the grounds of the Sears mansion on the hill. A pair of binoculars, on the other hand, used from the poop deck, often disclosed the same young

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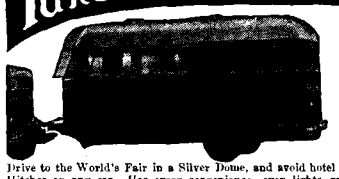

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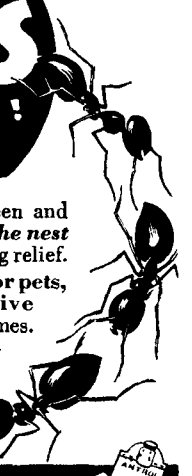

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lady at work behind her office windows and were very efficient in bringing to close view the bridge of the sleek yacht as it raced about the harbor. In short, Captain Belson was considering holding out the palm of peace.

"After all, there's enough business for both of us here," he ruminated. "A man shouldn't fight a woman anyway. But if I said anything she'd think I was hedging on the bet."

ALL these thoughts, however, were abruptly swept away some weeks after the Annie Sears had sailed. Madelon was reading late in the library of the Sears mansion when a commotion made her lay her book down. The next moment Captain Belson was in the room, his face pale with rage. He was bareheaded; his shirt was torn and burned in places; his arms were singed and his lower garments seemed to have been drenched in water.

"This is a rather peculiar time for a visit," said Madelon with an effort.

"I've just come from the waterfront," he said harshly. "Ran all the way here. I thought you'd like to know that your little scheme failed."

"Scheme?" she said blankly. "Are you drunk or insane?"

"You're rotten!" he choked. "You think you're a little tin god around here, don't you, and when you say a thing's so it's got to be so. I'd begun to think you were on the level. I'd even begun to like you. Now I wouldn't dirty my hands with you!"

He filled her with a sick terror and Madelon Sears had never known terror in her life before. She put her hands to her throat and her face went ashen.

"You're mad!" she cried. "What are you talking about?"

"At eleven o'clock tonight," he went on harshly, "two men tried to burn the Cardigan. My ship! They'd swamped the after decks with oil and set a dynamite bomb in the hold. Luckily, I caught them. They'd touched off the oil, though, and we had to fight, all hands. Clever, eh?"

He paused to let the words sink in.

"We've been sweating ever since, getting things under control. My second mate's gone to the hospital, and one of my men. Two others were hurt. The dynamite went off before we could swamp the fuse. I worked on your two hired rats and made them talk. Stokes paid them. And Stokes works for you. You're rotten!"

He was tight with suppressed passion and for a moment she thought he was going to strike her. But that moment passed.

"You don't think I . . ." she gasped.

"I think a lot of things I can't say," he grated. "Good night!"

He turned to go and she caught at his arm with convulsive fingers.

"Wait . . . wait, Captain. Listen to me. I'll swear . . ."

"You'd swear to anything now," he observed grimly. "But you can tell it to the judge."

She forced herself to calmness.

"*Will* you listen to me?" she blazed.

"All right. Go ahead," he bit out. "But I don't see there's anything to listen to. I've got my proof."

She swept by him with tight lips, found her housekeeper, took the telephone out of her hands as she was babbling something to police headquarters, and sent her upstairs to bring Stokes. He lodged there, as a distant member of the family, and it seemed he had been asleep, for when at last he appeared he was disheveled and wearing a dressing gown.

"Stokes," said Madelon Sears, "I want you to pack your bags and get out of this house tonight. I'll have more to say to you in the morning. You're finished with the company."

"Get out?" stammered Stokes. He licked his lips. "Why, what's the idea?"

Belson reached forward and took him by the lapels of his dressing gown.

"I'll tell you what the idea is," he rasped. And he recounted the events of the night in a slow, hard voice that vibrated to the very marrow. When he had done he shook the other man savagely. "Now you talk," he said. "Whose idea was it?"

"You're mad," Stokes chattered, but his face was livid and his eyes glazed with fear. "Miss Sears . . . Madelon . . ." But the girl shook her head. Some of the things Captain Belson did were not pleasant to watch but she only turned her head away and bit her lips until the blood came. And at the last she heard Stokes say something in a broken, whimpering voice.

"Again, you rat!" rasped Belson.

"Miss Sears knew nothing about it. It . . . it was my idea. I never thought . . ."

Captain Belson flung him aside with such force he crashed against the wall and slid to the floor. But terror gave him new strength and he got up hastily and fled before the angry sailor should decide to question him further.

"I need not tell you I will feel responsible for all the damages," said the girl, a slow, thick anger welling within her. "And your injured men . . ." He waved that grimly aside.

"I know. I should have known anyway, but I was sort of crazy. You're white and you're square. I apologize."

She did not stop to consider that his anger and his roughness were rooted in reason; that his accusations of her were, on the face of things, logical. She only thought now that he had burst into her home and insulted her.

"I don't care to hear any compliments," she said icily. "If you had any other instincts than those of a barbarian you would have realized I'd never countenance such an affair. Now get out!"

He was still for a moment and he went a dull red. Then he turned abruptly and left the house.

IT WAS two weeks later when they met again, and it was on board the Cardigan at ten o'clock at night. Rain was coming down in torrents, lightning flickered across the black sky and the wind was howling madness from the north. The Cardigan was stirring uneasily at her lines and Captain Belson was preparing to take a mild whisky before undressing when Madelon Sears came in.

She entered his cabin without ceremony, and with only a perfunctory knock. She was bareheaded, with a light raincoat over a tweed suit, and the wind had whipped her hair into a tangled wet mass.

"Captain Belson," she said tensely. He stared at her, startled. She was obviously laboring under some great excitement.

"I had to come to you," she said with obvious effort. "The Annie Sears is sinking off Cape Farewell. Thirty miles south of here. The wireless report came in an hour ago. Boats all gone and some of the men. She won't last until morning."

Captain Belson felt his stomach grow cold, for he was a sailor and he knew what all that meant. But outwardly he was calm. He poured two drinks of whisky and handed her one, and she drank under the command of his eyes.

"That sounds bad," he said. "Any ships near?"

"None near enough," she answered faintly. "My brother's on board." He nodded. He knew that.

"Did you call the coast guard at Bend Bay?"

(Continued on page 46)

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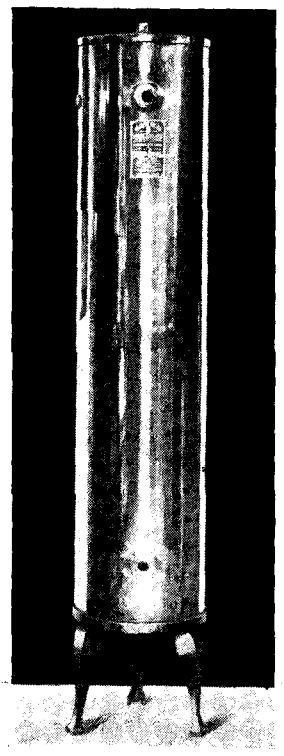

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VICKS VORATONE ANTISEPTIC

By the makers of VAPORUB

(Continued from page 45)

"The wind's piling up the sea in the channel. They won't chance getting out."

"I know that channel," he agreed. "They're wise."

"But my brother's on the Annie Sears," she said half frantically. "Will you go?"

"What's wrong with your own captains?" he demanded.

"The John Sears is laid up with engine trouble," she said wearily, her throat dry. "The captain of the Amos Sears won't go. He says it's madness to try it."

He nodded. It was certainly no night for a ship to venture to sea.

"I'd go myself," she was saying, "but I'm not that good a sailor."

Belson was silent.

"Will you go?" she said harshly. "I'll pay you ten thousand dollars."

He carefully poured himself another drink and then shook his head.

"This is one of the things you can't buy, Madelon," he said, and neither of them noticed he had used her first name. "One of the things you can't buy at all. The captain of the Amos Sears was right. It'd be madness to try it with this sea running."

"Twenty thousand," she whispered, her lips working.

HE FINISHED his second drink and looked at her.

"My brother . . ." she said and shivered a little. She swayed toward him and he caught her, thinking she was going to faint. Her violet eyes were big with tragedy and something inside Captain Belson broke and grew warm. I'm mad, he thought. I'm mad. I'll lose the Cardigan on the bar as sure as hell.

"Thirty thousand," she said weakly.

"I love you," he said, his voice unsteady. Then he kissed her, long and slowly, and she lay inert and white in his arms. He set her in a chair very gently. "Wait," he said, and he left the cabin. She closed her eyes and fought for calmness. No Sears had ever lost calmness in an emergency. That was a tradition of the family. But he loved her. And she loved him too. She knew now. He was too much for her, too big and strong and masterful. Too handsome. And Morton was going down with the Annie Sears thirty miles to the south. . . .

Belson was standing on the lower bridge roaring for the mate, the rain and the lightning on his face.

"We're going out," he said when the mate came. "Get the men standing by. I want steam in an hour. Double pay for tonight's work."

The mate peered at him through the night.

"We can't go out in this weather," he protested. "The bar . . ."

"To hell with the bar!" roared Belson. "Steam in an hour!"

He did not go back to the cabin just then. He did not want to talk about things any more. He was mad and knew it. He was furious with himself. Every instinct he had told him he could not get to sea tonight, yet he knew he was going to try. Thirty thousand she had promised. Well, this was one of the things money couldn't buy. He laughed in the rain. He'd show her!

He went down on the main deck and harried the crew. It was nearly an hour before he got back on the bridge. And the Cardigan cast away from the wharf in a nightmare of rain and lightning with the wind screaming in her rigging.

"She's beginning to pitch already," said the mate, "and we're not out of the harbor yet."

"Wait till she gets to the bar," said Belson grimly. "She'll do more than pitch."

She did. She met the full thrust of the roaring combers as they swept in from the sea, and the hollows they made shallowed the channel to less than its normal depth. Belson stood at the telegraph, checking the ship as each wave came, and his hair stood on end as she lifted and fell. He felt her jar as her keel touched the channel floor and two seas later his heart leaped to his mouth when she jarred again, rasping. And then she was through. Over the bar. Another six inches of drop and her bottom would have caved. As it was . . .

"Sound the well for'ard!" he roared at the carpenter, and when the man came back he expected the verdict.

"She's making water, sir."

Of course. Those two jars had snapped off rivet heads, at the least. He whistled to the engine-room to start the pumps and prayed inwardly that they could hold the water. Then he headed his ship into the blind smother of sea and wind and went down to his room again.

"What's the Annie Sears' exact position?" he demanded harshly. "Did you get it?"

Madelon was standing before his mirror trying to bring her wet hair to order and shaking in every limb. She turned and fumbled in her coat pocket and handed him a scrap of paper. He looked at it for a moment, staggering as the deck heaved beneath him, and then he laughed.

"All right." His eyes met hers and he sobered suddenly. "I ought to have put you ashore," he said grimly. "This is a man's work."

"I wouldn't have gone," she said. "I'm not afraid."

There was a small silence.

"Right," he said. "You wouldn't." He went back on the bridge and a few minutes later he was aware she stood beside him. They did not speak. It was almost impossible to speak anyway with the wind screaming by them, the spray shattering on the dodger and the great dark seas roaring along the rail. The Cardigan lifted and fell, pitched, rolled, corkscrewed. Her galley was swept clean. She lost both poop boats. Her steam-pipe casing was carried away and forty feet of her port rail went.

"We'll need help ourselves if this keeps up," shouted the mate in Captain Belson's ear, but he only laughed. The sea and the wild night roused in him all his fighting blood. He even forgot the Annie Sears and did not remember the girl for a long time until she pulled his head down to her lips.

"I'm glad I came," she said. "If I've got to die I'd rather . . ." The wind took the rest away but Captain Belson put his arm around her and kissed her wet lips. He was mad. They were all mad. What did it matter? He felt her fingers tight upon his arm and kissed her again. The sea and the wind. The Cardigan fighting them both and plunging on. When they got back to Sears Harbor it would all be forgotten. Even his kisses. She would be fighting him again. But he did not care. Not tonight.

IT WAS nearly three in the morning when they saw the Annie Sears' rockets, and an hour later when they came close to her. She was lying in the trough with a bad list to port and she was already down by the head. By the light of the blue flares that burned from her decks they saw the survivors of her crew gathered on the poop, a cluster of oilskinned dark figures. Belson shook his head.

"No chance for a boat in that sea," he shouted above the wind.

"Not a chance," echoed the mate. Madelon Sears hammered on Captain Belson's arm.

"But my brother. . . . She won't last long!"

"She won't," Belson agreed, and he grew suddenly grim and calm, the exultation imparted by the wind and the fight dying in him. No, she wouldn't last long. She was going down and those men on the poop would die.

"We'll have to try a boat, anyway," he roared to his mate. "Want to take her?"

He knew by the mate's voice the man was afraid.

"I'm no small-boat man, sir. And anyway it's madness. We'd be swamped. I don't think the men would go."

"I don't mean a boat and crew!" Belson told him. "That's out. No sense drowning half a dozen men. But we might run a boat down on a line. Get hold of Marshall." Marshall was an able seaman, middle-aged, and he had served years in sailing vessels. Belson knew he was efficient.

"You can handle a steering oar?" he shouted when Marshall came. The other spat tobacco juice to leeward and began to take off his oilskins. There was no need for a reply. He had been with Belson several voyages and they understood each other. It wasn't usual for a captain to take a boat away but Belson did not think of that. Someone had to go. The bo's'n was already putting overside canvas bags filled with oil and with holes punched in them. Madelon Sears was rigid with fear and cold. She knew—even though she was not a sailor—that Captain Belson was possibly going to his death. The mate was still protesting. The sea was too big. She pulled Belson's head to her lips.

"Don't," she said. "It isn't fair. . . . I can't let you. . . ."

He straightened from her with a laugh.

"There's thirty thousand dollars in it," he shouted. "And then I've got to save my own crew."

"What do you mean?" she managed faintly.

"The Annie Sears was mine yesterday . . . our bet . . . I've been three months trading in the harbor."

There was no time for more.

THE Cardigan, plunging head first to the sea, was to windward of the Annie Sears and the oil, thick and viscous, drifting to leeward, smoothed the roaring water and smothered the spray. Belson and Marshall climbed into the boat, dropping astern, and while Marshall gripped the great steering sweep Belson paid out the line that held the boat to the mother ship. A desperate last resource. In a normal gale a crew might have manned the boat and pulled for the sinking vessel. In such a sea as this that would have been madness. Better to risk two men than half a dozen. And the chances were only fifty-fifty with two. If Marshall failed to keep the boat head on or if Belson (with the more delicate task) did not veer away his line with exactness, death would come. The boat would come broadside and be swamped and there would be nothing left save the steering oar floating on the water, two heads bobbing and soon to go under.

Madelon Sears stood by the mate on the bridge and her nails drew blood from her palms. No, this was something you couldn't buy. She realized that at last.

Yet it was done. The boat drew close to the wreck, eased around the stern and lay dangerously in the oil-smoothed lee while man after man jumped into the bitter water and was hauled on board. Belson cast free the line at last and burned a red flare to show the work was done, and the boat hugged the lee of the ruined hull, handled now by twenty or more thankful men, while the

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"We've *hinted*—
Now we're
Telling
you!"

"CAN men take a hint? Or must a spade be called a spade to be perfectly clear to them?" (Thus runs a friendly feminine letter.)

"After comparing notes, a bunch of us women have decided on the spade method as the only way.

"We have gently hinted to our husbands and brothers that since they perspire just as we do, it is quite possible that they might offend with underarm odor (just as we would if we didn't do something about it).

"Well—we're through *hinting*. Now we're *telling* them!"

• • • • •

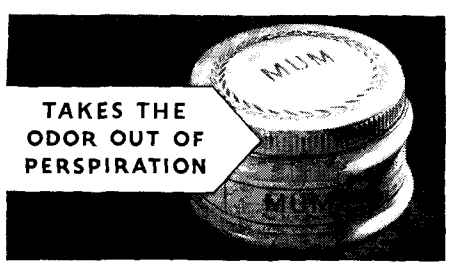
There you are, men. Stop and think and you'll admit the women are right. Your morning shower *can't* protect you from perspiration odor all day long.

But Mum can. Use it when you dress and you're safe for all day or evening!

This cream deodorant appeals to a man because it's so quick and easy to use. No fuss, no bother.

It's harmless to clothing, soothing to skin and doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. Just destroys disagreeable body odor.

Thousands of men have the daily Mum habit. Try it yourself. Then no woman will have to tell you things! All toilet counters have Mum, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



FOR BURNING, PERSPIRING FEET. When your feet ache and burn, rub lightly with Mum. It cools and soothes; destroys odor and keeps hose and shoe linings fresh.

Cardigan steamed close down wind, so she could run to her.

"Here he is," said Belson some time later, half dragging, half carrying the frail and exhausted figure of Morton Sears into his room, where white-faced Madelon waited.

"He'll be all right," he assured her. "Just a little battered around and half drowned."

She said nothing, but after seeing her brother undressed and in Belson's bunk she crossed to the captain's desk and picked up a pen.

"NOW what?" he demanded, standing with a whisky bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, blood on his face where the oar butt had hit him (he had steered back to the Cardigan), and water dripping from his clothes. "Now what? You owe me the Annie Sears and she's gone."

"I'm writing you a check," she said uncertainly. The events of the night had almost been too much for her. "Thirty thousand dollars as I promised and . . . I don't know what the Annie Sears was worth, offhand."

He crossed to her and took the pen away from her.

"I didn't leave Sears Harbor for the thirty thousand dollars," he said. "I told you this was one of the things money couldn't buy. And since the Annie Sears is gone I'll let the bet rest."

"I'll be in your debt," she said faintly. "Captain Belson . . ."

The Cardigan was staggering to the diminishing seas as she headed back for Sears Harbor, but he held to the back of her chair and steadied himself.

"I think—" he started, but as her eyes met his he saw her face and throat slowly flush, and he knew there was no need to go on. He bent and kissed her instead.

How Huey Long gets away with it

Continued from page 11

weekly salvos of rich hatred wherein Huey is accused of hounding banks into bankruptcy, driving men to suicide, plunging the state into hopeless debt for which the state gets nothing.

The gentle John M. Parker, once governor, once candidate for Vice President as Theodore Roosevelt's running mate, a man of such integrity and honor that not even his enemies can impute selfish motives to his opposition, is beseeching the United States Senate to expel Senator Long and his colleague, Senator Overton. The women of the state are demanding that the United States Senate resume its inquiry into the election of Overton and, as a natural corollary, its survey of the reign of the Kingfish.

They accuse Huey of being responsible for the horrible condition of the state's great banks—the Hibernia, the Canal and so on—and they are saying things about the defunct Union Indemnity and its unhappy subsidiaries that are either libelous or too close to truth to be contested. These things do a politician no good. Huey isn't taking convincing steps to refute these accusations which, day by day, gain more believers. He hasn't sued Editor Campbell in the courts; and surely no courts could be more friendly to Huey. And the Kingfish isn't taking legal steps against Mr. Shirley G. Wimberley, the young lawyer who is carpeting the country with his Unmasking pamphlets. What's the matter? Has Huey something to hide?

Here's a lawyer of high repute telling you about Huey's beautiful mansion on Audubon Boulevard in New Orleans. How did Huey get it? Where did he get the money and how much? Is it true that he got the great house from Rudy O'Dwyer of the Club Forest over in Jefferson Parish? And did Rudy get it from an unfortunate gambler, now a bootblack, who turned over the deeds to the mansion when he couldn't take up his I O U's? Well, what about it?

And here's a pamphlet that says shocking things about the origin of the money with which Huey bought himself a hundred-thousand-dollar policy in a Canadian insurance company. Just around the corner you are told that Huey's crowd, buying motor trucks for the state, charged the state treasury $102,000 more than the trucks cost—that $102,000 went into pockets and not trucks. And here's a man who tells you that in his presence a cement company was offered a contract for 2,800,000 barrels of cement for Louisiana roads if it would contribute $25,000 to the organization plus ten cents a barrel. Uncontested tales like these do a politician no good. Nor his organization either. They are either true or lies. And if they're lies, the health of the organization demands that they should be nailed.

A dealer in electric-power plants, offered to the state at twelve hundred dollars each, is asked to make it fifteen hundred and turn two hundred and fifty back to the department that asks for his bid. At least so he tells you—and he doesn't speak in whispers. Something ought to be done about such yarns—if there is anything to be done.

So you see this is no ordinary meeting in Huey's rooms in the Roosevelt. An organization can control the election machinery, it can make the laws and unmake them, it can control courts and conjure up the juries and write the decisions. But let these tales go unchallenged and the electorate is likely to run wild next February when New Orleans nominates a mayor in the primaries. In the closed banks of Louisiana there are many millions of depositors' money. They closed while Huey himself was exhorting the public to have faith in their banks, to refrain from withdrawing their funds, that nobody would lose a dime in Louisiana banks.

The Senator's Lock Box

And when the banks closed anyway, Huey is heard to say: "My kids have got $10,000 in cash. It's in a lock box. I've got too gol-durned much sense to put it in a savings bank. All I've got for myself is in insurance, and I've been drawing on that and putting it in a lock box." Naturally that doesn't fetch laughter to the mouths of the thousands of Louisianians who were exhorted by Huey to keep their savings and the educational funds of their children in Louisiana banks which, so go the tales, were sunk by state bonds floated by the Board of Liquidation in Baton Rouge—state bonds which couldn't be sold to an overloaded and impoverished populace and therefore grew yellow in bank vaults.

These things have to be explained, of course. But bad feeling invades the meeting as ways and means of countering the assaults on the Long rule are discussed.

Here's the condition: Louisiana boiling with rebellion, the air soupy with accusations and vilification. They are ready to do anything they are told—provided Huey tells them. After all, it is up to him to save himself; he is the

(*Continued on page* 48)

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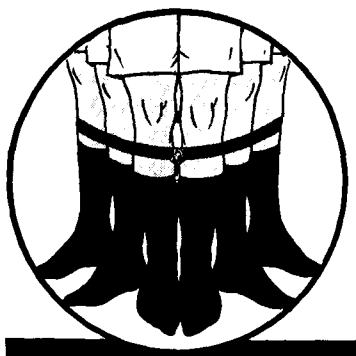

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C. 6-33

(Continued from page 47)

objective of the attacks, not the Democratic party. The party will survive Huey just as it has survived other leaders and bosses. His captains know that. Huey must, too. Therefore, as all the glory, all the authority, all the emoluments of name and fame have been Huey's, so now is all the responsibility. So what does he propose to do? His stalwarts, gathered there around the bed that is the Kingfish throne, await his command.

In the event that you do not know it, Huey P. Long is not loved in Louisiana even by those subordinates who have followed him to personal fortune. At this moment, hundreds of his vassals are poised to leap the moment they are convinced that he is foundering. They grin at his daring, his boldness, his contempt for precedent, convention and opposition; but they have profited by his own lessons in selfishness, in disregard for others and his blinding egotism. Where not long ago he was hailed as the Kingfish, even within his own organization he is referred to today as the Crawfish, the Tin Can Napoleon, the Catfish Cæsar, the Mud Pie Mussolini.

Pulling Elections Out of a Hat

So there he lolls on the bed, surrounded by his satellites, who await his orders. He is suffering all the woes of absentee-landlordism, the victim of the inaction, the scandalmongering, the jealousies, the resentments and even the sabotage of his tenantry. He is not afraid so much of the voters as he is of treachery in his own crew. As governor of his state his ears and his fingers covered every parish. But Washington is far from New Orleans and Baton Rouge and the hue and cry has extended to the national capital. Even through Huey's amazing conceit, arrogance and blatant egotism, suspicion of double-crossing, of calculated deceit, deception and infidelity are seeping.

He can take care of himself at the polls. That is all provided for. In Louisiana as in other one-party states the primaries are the important thing. In Louisiana, primary elections are actually pulled out of a hat. And statesmen too. Anybody's hat will do; the make, shape, style and quality have nothing whatever to do with the result. Your hat will serve, or mine would, were we on the scene at the time and in line for such honors.

Of course the growing but still disorganized minority in New Orleans will have it that it is Huey's hat, but that is only a figure of speech, although where virtually everything worth having belongs to Mr. Long, why quibble about the ownership of a hat? Rather let's examine these elections while we are on the subject.

Let us assume that a primary election impends in the parish of St. Bernard. Counties are parishes in Louisiana. Two eager patriots are vying for a seat in Congress. To see to it that the election shall be utterly fair to all concerned, five citizens are chosen to sit in the polling place and pass upon all who come to exercise their royal right of franchise. One candidate for Congress is Huey's. Let us have no doubt about that. He is all Huey's. Whether he is running for governor, for Congress or the state legislature, Huey has chosen him. And Mr. Long has not necessarily chosen him for his statecraft, for his sturdy championship of the rights of the masses, for his love of liberty nor for his looks. For all practical purposes he might just as well have a serial number as a name.

The other aspirant is not Huey's—just a deluded soul who has assumed that a certain number of people might enjoy voting for somebody without the brand on his flank. Of course he has no chance to win, but there are men who seem never to find that out.

Now, to acquire these five election commissioners, each candidate nominates five. Each man so nominated is pledged to sit in the polling place all day to see that his candidate does not suffer the mortification of getting no votes at all. I have talked to ladies and gentlemen in Louisiana who tell me that while they have voted regularly for years they have yet to find that anybody has ever paid the slightest attention.

Anyway the ten nominees for commissionerships (watchers) are thrown into a hat. Then some designated person, chosen on the spot, is asked to step forward, reach into the hat without peeping and extract five names. The five names thus drawn are the election commissioners. No telling, you see, which of the candidates for office will get the majority on the board of commissioners. A square deal for everybody. Such, at least, is the law.

Now, if that were all of it the chances for an honest election in Louisiana would be fairly bright. You can see for yourself. But so could the Long machine. The law has it that each candidate for the office contested for may nominate five commissioners. Therefore (and particularly when the independent candidate is a mean critter, given to fighting for his few remaining rights and of making himself thoroughly objectionable in an argument) the friends of the Long candidate rally round.

Two, five, ten or even twenty of them file for the same nomination their pal seeks. Of course they don't want the job he aspires to. They have been told by their betters that they can't have it anyway. But they can file for the nomination and each can, and does, nominate five names for commissioners. These names they drop into the hat. After the drawing they retire from the race, their functions accomplished.

You see how it is. The independent has five names in the hat. His opposition has anywhere up to a hundred. The independent's nominees for commissionerships go into the hat first. The fifty opposing nominations are dumped in afterward, completely smothering the lonely five. Then the drawing.

Now it is just a waste of time to ask why the independents don't do precisely the same thing. To begin with, it costs money to file one's name for office—anywhere from a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty dollars. And that's a mere beginning. And such is the spell the Kingfish has woven around and over the citizenry of his native state, that whatever it costs is regarded as just so much money thrown away—unless, of course, you are running on the Long ticket.

Too Good or Too Poor

Moreover, the moneyed people who might match the Long candidates dollar for dollar indignantly reject all suggestions that they fight the devil with a poker. Such practical gentlemen as Mr. Francis Williams, the most aggressive of all of Long's political foemen, lack the financial resources to give the machine a battle on its own ground. So there you have it. Those who would fight Long with his own tools lack the cash to purchase them with; those who could are too ethical or respectable, or something.

But you get the idea. Under the conditions it is almost certain that the board of commissioners will all be true to Huey. All sorts of things can happen to the five names of the independent aspirants. Once the name of one of these anti-Long lads managed to get out of the hat wherein one hundred names of organization boys had been dropped. They called him Houdini after that. He went to the hospital before the polls closed, poor soul, the human system being able to stand just so much punishment and no more. But when he was released from the hospital he was taken into the Kingfish's political lodge by sheer force and smothered with honors because an investigation of this unprecedented situation had revealed that somehow he had insinuated his name into that hat fifteen times. He died an utterly prosaic death two years later, with his family at the bedside, without having revealed the secret of his success. But Mr. Long's boys were fearfully worried for a time, not so much that this gentleman should have had his name in that hat fifteen times but rather that Mr. Long might think them lax in their stewardship of his interests.

A machine like Mr. Long's leaves as little to chance as the scheme of nature permits. Let us say that somehow a couple of independents get on a board of election commissioners down here in St. Bernard Parish, or in the Irish Channel district of Orleans Parish. Or over in Jefferson or Plaquemines. In such event the Long lads take advantage of a saving emergency clause in the law.

The polls open at six o'clock in the morning. The commissioners are supposed to be there at that hour, not a moment later. If the entire board is not on hand at the stroke of the hour, those who have sacrificed sleep to serve the public begin the day by electing substitutes for those who failed to arrive on time. And all sorts of things can have happened to the tardy ones—the independents. Just use your imagination. If you were hired to delay a man a few moments, and were well paid for it, you probably would find a way. Particularly if you had the coöperation of four or five strong assistants.

Simple Addition

And suppose that only one commissioner arrives at the polls at six. He will be a Long man, make no mistake about that. At once he selects, from a crowd standing near by, a substitute. The two of them select a third. The trio chooses a fourth and this swift quartet takes unto itself a fifth. And there you are. Hooray for our side!

Therefore you must understand that Huey is not worrying there in his rooms in the hotel about the machinery of elections. And you can't accuse him or his followers of having done nothing to mend conditions. Indeed, they took the whole election law to the courts, saying that their opponents had found fault with it. The organization's own lawyers besought the Supreme Court of Louisiana to look the law over from stem to stern and do something about it, because if there is one thing that the Kingfish dislikes more than another it is to have his people dissatisfied. So the Supreme Court looked it over and deplored it and did something about it. It was decided that the penalty clause was unconstitutional and it was so declared. Now Louisiana has the law with no penalty clause attached. And who can say the courts did not do something about it?

You can see then that it is not the elections that worry Huey, but the way his men have of letting him down when he is up in Washington about the nation's business. Not only let him down but do utterly stupid things. For instance, the slugging of Mr. Joe Boudreaux in Baton Rouge. Nobody knows just who ordered the slugging of Mr. Boudreaux, but things like that

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do a political organization no good.

You see, Mr. Boudreaux and the militant Mr. Francis Williams, the liberal lawyer and constant challenger of Senator Long, were in the beautiful new capitol building which Huey built after the manner of a man erecting his own monument. They had just come from the Hotel Heidelberg, a few blocks away, where Mr. Williams had called Mr. Long things that one doesn't call a gentleman. Mr. Williams went further and proposed to punch Mr. Long in the nose. Whereat Mr. McGee—Squinch or Squinch-Eye—stepped between the somewhat abashed Senator Long and the irate Mr. Williams and, hands in coat pockets, bade Mr. Williams not to lay no hand on the senator, and, furthermore, not to lay no hand on no senator.

Inept Thuggery

At the capitol, however, someone stepped up behind Mr. Williams and landed a manly wallop on Mr. Williams' jaw. In the excitement and general milling that ensued the slugger departed. But Mr. Boudreaux was escorted out of the capitol by several heavyweight champions of the Long cause and, at the bottom of the great stone steps—a fine, long sweep of perhaps fifty feet—was smashed with the butt of a .45 caliber automatic and carted off to the police station where it was found that his skull was fractured, and he was transferred to a hospital.

When the perpetrator of this valiant deed reported back to his superiors in the capitol he was mortified to hear himself addressed as a fat-head, a mug, a moron and a dumb thug. You see, Mr. Boudreaux should have been slugged at the top of the great stone flight instead of at the bottom. From the top of the steps he would have fallen all the way down. Then who could have denied that he had fallen in his efforts to escape officers of the law? And how much greater would have been the chances of his failure to recover.

But such stupid sluggings tend to irritate the senator. What about doing something to counteract the effect of all this nasty propaganda, all these ribald pamphlets, all these shouted charges that somebody romped off with the public-school funds from the state treasury? Everybody ought to know that nobody would steal the money that should have gone to educate the kiddies—not intentionally, anyway.

It just happens that the Louisiana law has it that all public moneys shall be kept in one account, under one title—the general fund. The natural outcome of a system of that sort is that he gets the money who gets there first and it is your own fault if you are late.

Now the public schools of the state had a balance in the treasury of $1,033,549.07 on January 1, 1933. But when it came time to pay the teachers and defray the other incidental expenses of teaching the young, it was discovered that someone had not only made off with that neat sum but had overdrawn the state's bank account—the general fund—to the extent of $2,452,429.89. So some of the schools had to close while others went on a thirty-five per cent diet. All this would be rectified. The schools were assured of that. But in the general excitement of bank closings and the like the rectifying was overlooked and the overdraft on March 31 had swelled to $3,341,024.34.

Something should be done to calm the people about that dismal circumstance instead of punching Francis Williams on the jaw and breaking the cranium of Joe Boudreaux. And a little brains might be applied to pleasant explanations of why, on March 31, the state of Louisiana had exactly $790,734.63 in banks to compare with a state indebtedness of $136,156,460. And that, mind you, is merely the state's indebtedness. Add what the parishes and all the subdivisions owe and you find Louisiana in debt to the extent of $395,532,463.47. Which does not include the $7,000,000 that the state has borrowed from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for relief of the needy, or bond issues and other indebtednesses for drainage districts, which haul the total up to about $425,000,000.

So this is what the conference in Huey's hotel rooms is about—about this growing propaganda, about this incessant demand of the opposition that the Senate committee on campaign expenditures reconvene.

But it is going to be an exhausting task for the miracle-working Mr. Long. The doggedly sincere John M. Parker, who, as governor of Louisiana, freed that violated state from the domination of the Ku Klux Klan, has petitioned the United States Senate in words that not even Huey can laugh off. Let the committee reconvene, say Mr. Parker and his associates, and they will furnish proof that Huey is "the greatest menace to American decency and civilization, that he knows neither truth, honesty, nor decency. Psychiatrists have stated in my presence that he is a dangerous paranoiac."

Mr. Parker is well acquainted with Huey, having sued the Boss of Louisiana for criminal libel and having won. "Huey P. Long," says Mr. Parker to the United States Senate, "is personally dishonest, corrupt and immoral. He has created and maintained in Louisiana a system of corruption and debauchery unparalleled in the history of the state, not even excepting the so-called Louisiana Lottery. He has operated a system of so-called racketeering. He has made elections a farce. He has gained control of the legislature and no relief can be obtained from that source. He has boasted publicly that he controlled its members like a deck of cards, bought them like loads of potatoes. He escaped trial after impeachment by bribery and other corrupt methods. He has declared openly that he controlled our state courts. Relief from the courts under existing conditions is impossible. The only hope for relief is through the Senate of the United States."

Hot Days for Huey

It is going to take all the influence, actual or alleged, that Huey can muster to stave off a resumption of the investigation. Mr. Parker's charges are not those of a political aspirant; he seeks nothing but an even break for Louisiana, a complete investigation of conditions in a state that Huey has made his private skating rink. A nasty spot for Huey Long, who is seeking cover these days in spite of his doughty words. When he backed out of his invitation to General Ansell to sue him for slander when he called the general a "thief, a rascal and a crook," taking advantage of senatorial immunity when the general filed libel proceedings, Huey lost considerable respect at home, where they still believed his boasts of fearlessness.

Thus far he has kept the investigation committee adjourned. How? Well, let's see.

The mystery of the abandoned investigation is discussed in Mr. Davenport's second article, which will appear in Collier's for July 1. As an added attraction you will see the hot breath of trouble fanning the back of Senator Long's neck.

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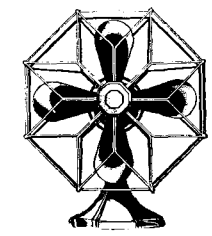

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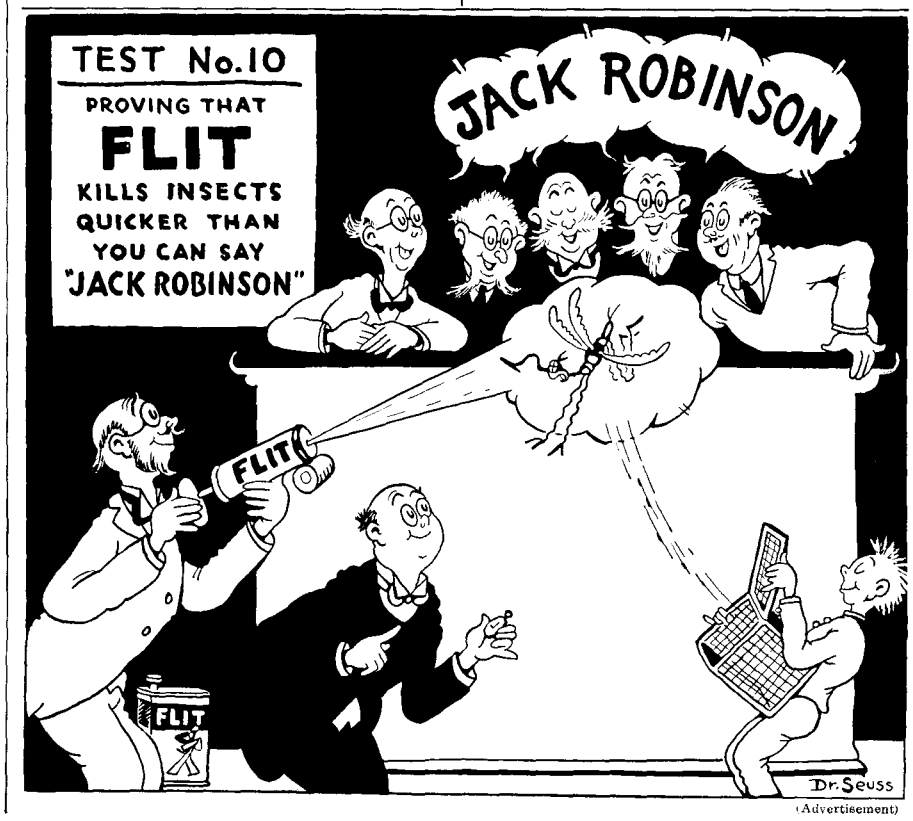

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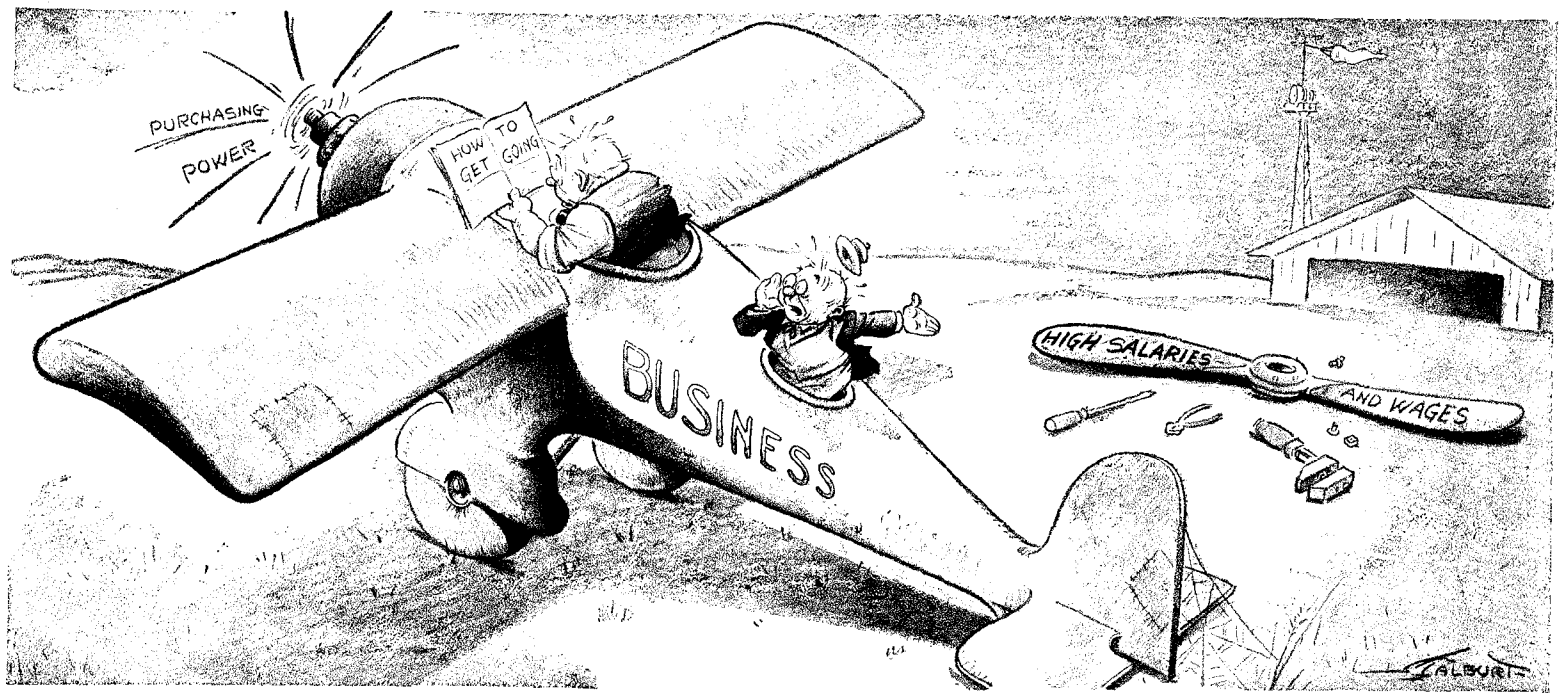

Salaries for Service

BACK in 1930 bankers and other spokesmen of large property insisted that wages must be cut and labor costs deflated. Now the tide has turned.

Lately, politicians and others have been demanding that high salaries paid railroad officials and executives of numerous industries be severely reduced.

In both instances prejudice talked louder than reason. In general, the reduction of wages is a national misfortune since low wages mean low buying power. The furor against high salaries is equally futile. In few industries or corporations do high salaries count heavily in the budget. The actual elimination of the highest salaries would hardly make any perceptible difference in the balance sheets of large corporations.

Reflecting the current feeling about higher salaries, the Senate provided that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation could grant no loans to any insurance company paying any of its officers more than $17,500 a year.

So far as the insurance companies are concerned, this Senate action is unimportant. Any company which has to borrow from the government has ordinarily made all the savings it could by salary and wage reductions. If it has not, of course the R. F. C. is entitled to make any conditions it pleases before granting a loan.

To regard a high salary paid an able railroad or corporation executive as a waste is, however, not intelligent. Superior management or high skill is seldom overpaid.

Movie stars, for example, are supposed to be extravagantly compensated in getting as much as $10,000 a week. It would be hard to find a corporation executive's salary remotely approaching such a figure.

The movie star paid $10,000 a week may be cheap at the price, fabulous though the wage seems. The earnings of movie companies depend very largely upon the drawing power of the stars. We go to see one actor. Another does not attract us. Clark Gable may pack a theater as Jack Dempsey used to draw the crowds to the boxing arena and as Babe Ruth still fills the ball parks.

If millions of people are willing to pay millions of dollars to see an actor or a boxer or to hear a singer perform, is not the favorite entitled to a share of the rewards?

Or consider the pay of writers. One produces a book which hundreds of thousands want to read. Pearl Buck wrote The Good Earth, a novel about China which readers paid half a million dollars to read. Authors are paid royalties. If only two thousand people buy a $2.50 novel the author gets only $500, no matter how long the time spent in writing. If 200,000 people buy that novel the author will certainly get $50,000 and probably very much more for the work.

What a railroad executive is worth depends upon what he succeeds in accomplishing. A salary of $5,000 may be more wasteful than a payment ten times or twenty times as large.

Consider a company for which you work or of which you are a stockholder. What the company can pay in wages, salaries or dividends depends on what it earns. Under one manager it may lose. Under another, deficits are turned to profits and funds are available for wages and dividends. Hasn't the man on a small wage the liveliest possible interest in the efficient and profitable operation of the company which employs him?

Without profits there are no funds for any kind of wages, and few jobs. The best wages are the highest wages, but successful operation is prerequisite to any wage and this means skillful management.

Under the system of free labor, however, private industry operated for profit is supposed to offer rewards commensurate with the service rendered. This service varies widely. A few years ago a rubber company was reported to have offered Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, a million and a half dollars a year to become its chief executive. Mr. Swope refused the offer.

Huge as such a salary would be, it would be justified in dollars and cents if the recipient were able to increase the earnings of the corporation by even larger sums. Such competence has been shown by numerous executives.

In an earlier generation business was managed chiefly by its owners and so, regardless of the salaries listed, the owner-manager got the profits or sustained the losses of his enterprise. Now the manager is seldom the principal owner. Consequently, if his services are to be measured in dollars, salaries must be high or low, depending on the results achieved.

Some business executives have been guilty of committing many offenses against their employers and against the public interest. Some are outrageously overpaid. The business cheat is no better than the political grafter and entitled to no more mercy.

The wrongs done by cheats and grafters and laggards who do little and obtain much are the horrible examples responsible for the public irritation which lies behind such action as the Senate's resolution limiting salaries paid by borrowers of public funds. Business in its own interest should rid itself of these parasites and breeders of scandal. The majority of American business men are honest and honest service deserves honest treatment.

In the long run both high wages and high salaries are the best public policy. High wages are essential to the recovery of our national buying power and to stable business. High salaries, where earned, are merely the fair recognition of extraordinary achievement.

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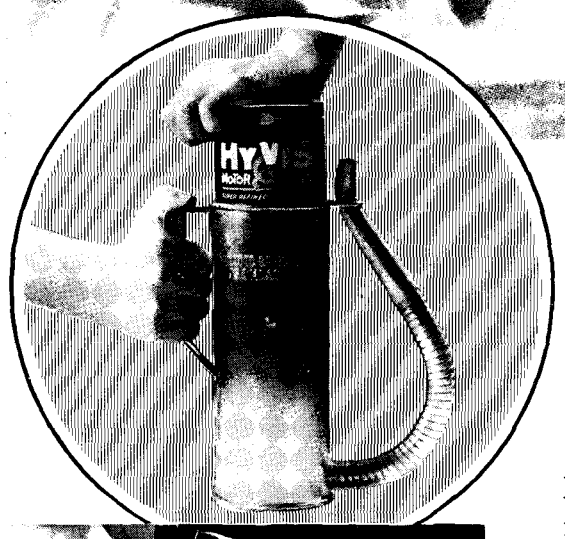

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Drive with confidence to the dealer displaying the HyViS sign. Sealed cans, opened before your eyes, are a positive guarantee against substitution, contamination or dilution. They are assurance that you receive a full measure of genuine, new improved HyViS *exactly* as it left the refinery. Furthermore, the grade (Society of Automotive Engineers' rating) is stamped on the top of every sealed can, which is definite proof that you get the exact viscosity of HyViS motor oil suited to your car.

HyViS is 100% pure Pennsylvania oil—Super-refined by a perfected process that removes the last trace of the light, non-lubricating fractions which remain in other oils, but quickly break down and evaporate in your motor.

Have your dealer drain and refill your crankcase with HyViS today. It's improved and protected but there's no increase in price.

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HYVIS MOTOR OIL
SUPER-REFINED PENNSYLVANIA

HYVIS OILS, INC.
Warren, Pennsylvania

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Snap out *of afternoon* DROWSY TIME

You yawn. You're tired.
...And you lag in your work.

Take a minute for an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and bounce back to normal. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause—*the pause that refreshes.*

Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal

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